

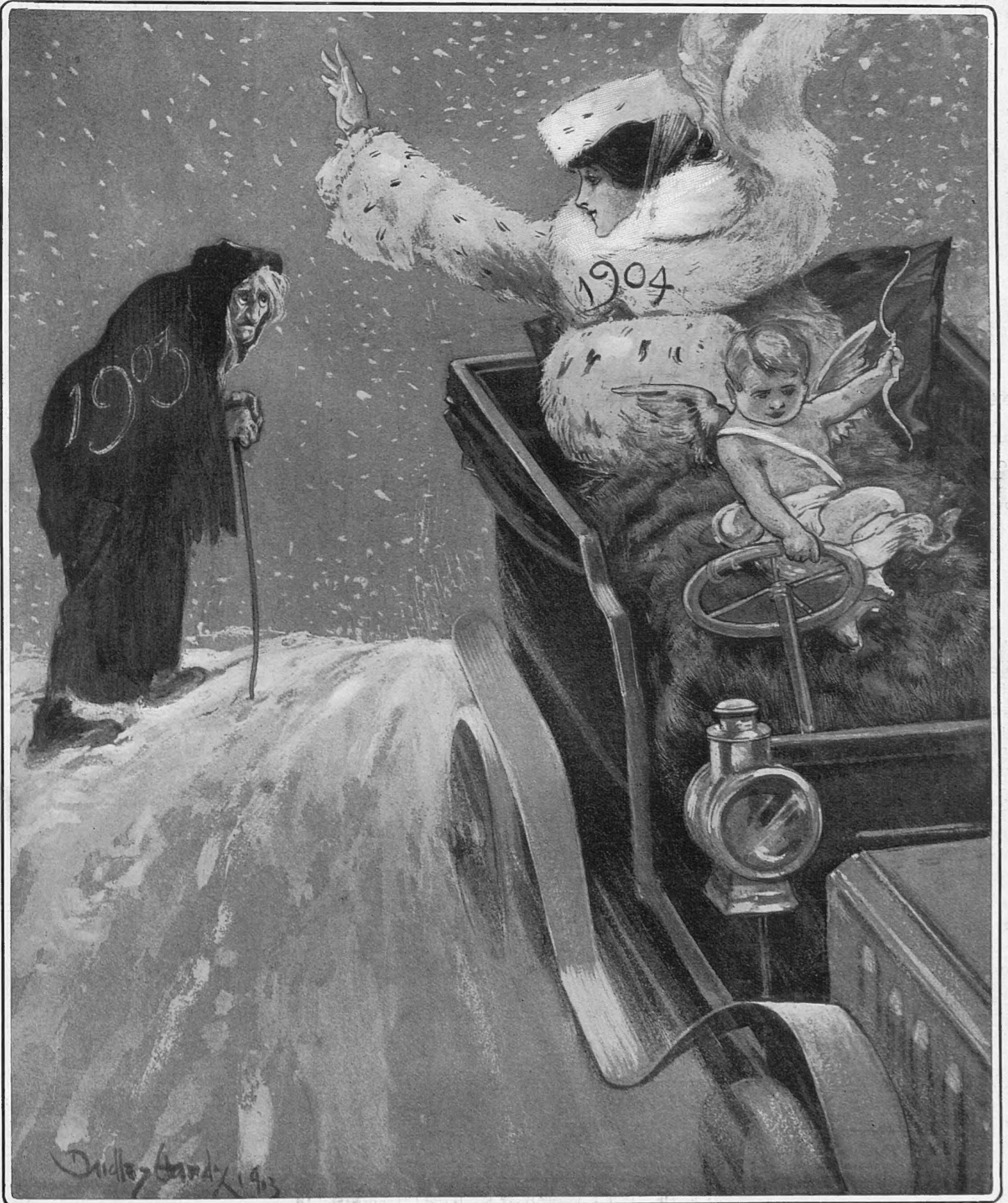
The Sketch



No. 570.—VOL. XLIV.

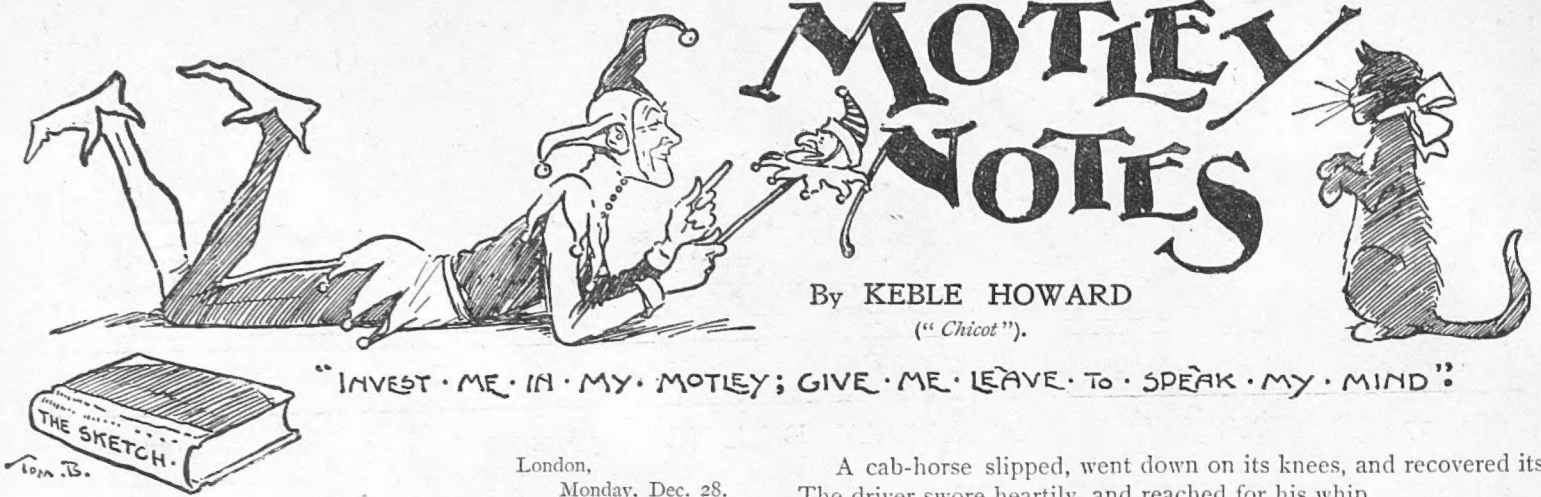
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



"MISS LEAP YEAR."

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



London,
Monday, Dec. 28.

"WELL," said the man in the Club, breaking a silence that had been hanging heavily for nearly an hour, "there's not much left of this year."

"No," said I, cheerily.

We went on staring out of the window. Fifteen minutes, as they say on the theatrical programmes, elapsed. Then I awoke to the fact that it was my turn.

"Been a good year with you?" I asked.

"Rotten," said the man, and he rang the bell for the waiter.

We sipped our drinks, and watched the river. Ten minutes elapsed.

"I shouldn't like to be drowned," murmured my companion.

"No?" I raised my voice, hoping to provoke an argument. He shook his head, and took up a copy of *Punch*.

"That reminds me," he said, presently, laying the comic journal aside and diving a hand into an inner pocket.

"I always think it's a mistake," I remarked, watching him sympathetically as he went through a bundle of sinister-looking papers, "to joke on serious subjects."

He nodded, and made a few calculations on the back of an envelope. His face, as he replaced the bills in his pocket, was dark and threatening.

I left him glaring at the river.

Just outside the Club, I met a man whom I knew rather well.

"Hallo!" said he, stopping short.

"How are you?" I inquired.

"Been away for Christmas?"

"Yes. Have you?"

"No." He drew a half-moon on the pavement with his boot. I watched him intently. I fancied that the action might be symbolical.

"Anybody in the Club?" he asked, suddenly removing all traces of his labour.

"Nobody to speak to. There's one man asleep, and one adding up his bills."

"Better come back," he suggested.

"Can't. I'm busy."

"You always are," he complained. "I believe it's a pose."

"Or a lack of repose." I laughed a little.

"Don't be a fool!" said my friend.

"Why not?" I retorted. "You are, aren't you?"

"Very likely," he sneered; "but, at any rate, I don't go to pantomimes."

"That's a pity. I was going to offer you a couple of tickets."

He held out his hand. I shook it, and left him swearing.

Rounding the corner, I ran into a Scotchman. He grinned, and adjusted his waistcoat.

"Sorry," I panted, leaning against a house to recover from the shock.

"Don't mention it, my dear boy. What are you doing on New Year's Eve?"

"Meditating. What are you?"

"I'm having a little party at my house. Better join us."

"A noisy party?"

"You bet!" He squared his shoulders, stamped on the pavement, and laughed loudly.

"Quite so," I said. "It's most awfully good of you to ask me, but I really think I ought to reflect a little."

"You can do that the following morning," argued the Scotchman.

"I know, but I hate to start the New Year in a repentant mood. I like to get all that sort of thing over before midnight."

"Very well. I won't press you."

A cab-horse slipped, went down on its knees, and recovered itself. The driver swore heartily, and reached for his whip.

"By the way," said the Scotchman, "I forgot to say we shall have charades."

"Capital," I murmured. "Perhaps you would like these."

And I gave him the tickets for the pantomime.

I wandered eastwards, passed the Cecil, and came to the evil quagmire rendered necessary (I hope) by the Savoy enlargement. A couple of workmen, playfully engaged in throwing bricks about, implored me to mind my head. Startled by their kind interest in my welfare, I slipped on the temporary pavement and clutched wildly at a coloured poster. It was quite a good poster, as posters go, but a policeman, who had been counting the bricks for his own satisfaction, turned upon me with a growl.

"Certainly," I agreed.

The constable moved a step nearer. He was a well-built man, and looked as though he rated himself highly. At that moment, as luck would have it, an American lady, whom I knew slightly, stopped her hansom and waved an imperious little hand at me.

"You see!" said I to the constable.

He touched his helmet, and shielded the wheel as I stepped in.

"What a nice-looking man!" exclaimed the American lady.

The policeman blushed, stepped back a pace, and frowned at the driver.

"Come off of it," urged the cabby, as we scrambled away.

"Well, and what have you been doing with yourself all this long time?"

"Working, mostly. Would you mind if I told the driver to go the other way?"

"Of course I should mind. I'm taking you to lunch at the Carlton."

I joggled the trap-door. The cabman peered down at us.

"Pull up," I directed.

"I think you're the rudest man I ever knew," said the lady, petulantly.

"That's because you don't know me. Besides, I *have* lunched."

"When? To-day?"

"Oddly enough, yes. Journalism is not what it was, you know. Most of us, nowadays, lunch daily."

"Don't be ridiculous. When are you coming to see me?"

"Where are you performing?"

"Hush! That's all a secret. I didn't know you knew about it."

"I didn't—until you told me."

"I didn't tell you! When did I tell you?"

I stifled a yawn in the nick of time. "Last August. You said you had persuaded——"

"Oh, yes. But don't let it go any further."

"I will if I remember," I promised.

The cab hurried off again, and I turned my face in the direction of business. I felt rather like a beetle who, having made up his mind to cross the floor, cannot avoid the parlour-maid's broom.

By the time I reached the Strand Theatre, a little rain was threatening. I stepped into the foyer to wait until it was over. Two ladies from the suburbs were examining the portraits of Miss Marie Dainton. An actress was talking, rather angrily, to the gentleman in the box-office. As far as I could gather, he would persist in saying that he was out. The lady, who wanted passes for the show, assured him that there was no truth in the statement.

A hard-faced cleaner came up to me. It appeared that she was anxious to clean the very spot on which I was standing. I offered to raise one foot at a time, the result being that she raised the whole of her voice in shrill rebuke. As I hurried out, I heard the ladies from the suburbs tittering.

The day wears on.

"THE DARLING OF THE GODS," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

(SEE "HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM.")



SKETCHES AT THE DRESS-REHEARSAL BY RALPH CLEAVER.



Nineteen Hundred and Three a Year of "Hard Times"—The "Boom" that Never Came—The Ladies and their Clubs.

THE Clubman, as the bells ring in the New Year, will sit in the most comfortable chair in the Club smoking-room. He will look into the fire and see faces there, and sigh, and think of the year slipped past, and the events in it which have touched his own placid life, and then turn his eyes forward to what he may expect the new-born year to bring, and sigh again as he realises how faint are his footprints on the sands of time, how unimportant all the important events of his existence really are.

I fancy that ninety-nine out of a hundred Clubmen would say that the year 1903 was distinguished as being a year of "hard times." When men wear gloomy faces in Throgmorton Street, the men of Piccadilly and Pall Mall are careful of their cab-fares and give no dinner-parties, and take a stall and not a box at the theatre. Time was when between the City and the West End there was a great gulf fixed, but nowadays the Clubman looks at the Stock Exchange news pinned up in the hall before he turns to the record of the racing or the account of the cricket-match in Australia. A younger son of most of the great families now becomes a "something in the City" just as surely as his elder brethren go into Parliament and the Services, and there is no dandy of to-day who does not know where Capel Court is.

South Africa has disappointed Clubmen. All through the depression caused by the War, men cut down their expenses, and did it gladly, out of patriotism. Half the Clubmen were away on the veldt with their regiments, Regular or Militia or Yeomanry, and all the rest were longing to be there and were trying, in one way or another, to show that their hearts were with their fighting fellows; but when the War was over, men began to look at their pass-books again and to consult their brokers, and the Clubmen made ready to enjoy the proceeds of the "boom" which has never come.

Clubland, of course, enjoys some of the buoyancy which the stay of their Majesties and the Court in London brings, and last Season the Clubs were often bright with men in Levée-dress and the streets hung out all their flags to welcome the French President, and would have greeted the Italian King with equal warmth had he come within their boundaries; but the presence of a "Roi Soleil," such as our genial and tactful King is, if it brings brightness to Clubland, does not direct a golden shower towards the pockets of Clubmen.

The year gone by has been more notable for Clubwomen, perhaps, than Clubmen, for the Ladies' Clubs have increased and multiplied. Ten years ago it was considered a little *outrée* for a lady to belong to a Club, and the Clubwoman was thought of either as a perverse old maid or as a stern blue-stocking. Now, not only does every lady belong to a Club, but the Ladies' Clubs are commencing to specialise; the lead of the Field Club, established this year for sporting ladies, is being followed in the establishment of a Ladies' Literary Club. Before long there will be in Ladies' Clubland centres which will correspond to the Athenæum and Savile, the Turf, the Portland, and every lady of fashion will have at least two Clubs—one for general social purposes, and one at which she will talk racing or play Bridge or gossip of the iniquities of publishers and the wilful ways of editors.

The military and naval ladies have a Club of their own, and I have little doubt that before long the political ladies will set up their Carlton and Reform adjacent to each other somewhere near Dover Street; but

before they venture on this step I should advise them to wait and see what alterations in political parties are made in the coming year by this fiscal discussion, which seems to me to be likely to cause a good deal of shifting from one Club-house to another of political Clubmen. This appears to be one of the events in Clubland we are likely to see in the coming year.

All the boil of discussion which bubbles round the apple of concord or discord, according to parties' opinion, which Mr. Chamberlain has cast into the pot has, as yet, been good-tempered. It is true that the Prime Minister and the Duke of Devonshire corresponded some little time ago in rather an acid tone, and that Mr. Winston Churchill stands up once a week at least to be punched at by the heavy-weights who do not think as he does; but there has been none, as yet, of that intense feeling which characterised the split over Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, when friend ceased to speak to friend.

Though this bitterness is non-existent and, I hope, will not arise, it is very likely that a new arrangement of political parties will become a necessity, and we may see statesmen stepping over from the Carlton to the Reform or from the Marlborough to the Constitutional. It would never do for a lady to start a Political Club now and to find, after she had completed her list of members, that they had nearly all turned to a different shade of politics from that which she favoured.

Though there be clouds on the horizon of the New Year, yet, for all that, I trust it may be a happy and prosperous one for all Clubmen.

PLUNGING ELEPHANTS AT THE HIPPODROME.

The London Hippodrome has become one of the sights of town, and it is difficult now to imagine the Metropolis without it. Visitors are always sure of a good performance, and generally there is something in the way of a sensation. The latest is "The Golden Princess and the Elephant Hunters," written by those well-known collaborators, Mr. Rudolph de Cordova and Mrs. Alicia Ramsey. The climax of this thrilling piece is reached when fifteen elephants, each weighing over three tons, plunge down a slope of some forty-five degrees into deep water. The splash made by forty-five tons of elephantine flesh and blood is prodigious, so is the effect on the audience, and Mr. H. E. Moss, Mr. Frank Parker, and the trainer of "my lord the elephant" have every reason to feel pleased with the success of the splendid spectacle they have provided for the delectation of their patrons.



THE NEW SENSATION AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME:
PREPARING THE GREAT SLIDE DOWN WHICH THE ELEPHANTS PLUNGE INTO THE WATER.
Photograph by the Clarke and Hyde Press Agency.

Those visitors to Rome who find that their outdoor excursions have been prevented by the surly behaviour of King Sun ought really to pay a visit to the Italian Chamber (writes a correspondent). There they will

find amusement enough to drive away for ever all unkind thoughts of the country in which they are the guests of the hour. If rain is falling out of doors, they may be sure that within the Chamber there is hailing a very storm of epithets, abusive as they are expressive. Only this week a splendid example was given of the Italian Deputy's fondness for wordy abuse. A question had been asked in an innocent way enough regarding the Naples Museum, and the subject of archæology was in this manner introduced into the discussion. Suddenly the placid appearance of the assembled Deputies turned as if by magic into one of unrearing hate, envy, malice, and all other kindred vices. "What do you know of archæology?" asked one. "You don't know how to read or write, anyway," retorted the other. "You are a fool!" added a third. "You are another!" briskly but weakly answered the first. "You are a freak of nature, a rogue, and a vagabond!" was the rejoinder then vouchsafed. Eyes glittered, voices rang out high, fists were clenched, and threats were uttered. "A duel, sure as death," muttered the excited onlookers. But no: lunch-time intervened, and better counsels prevailed—helped, perhaps, by the soothing effect of good wine, red and white. At the afternoon sitting, the quondam enemies each arose in his place and formally and with many bows retracted word for word every sentence of the morning. "It shall be as if it had not been spoken," said the one. "Agreed with heart and soul," said the other. "Let us be friends indeed," chimed in the third. Hereupon the contending parties rose from their places and embraced in tenderest fashion.



MISS MARGARET FRASER AS ELEANOR GRAY IN "LITTLE MARY," AT WYNDHAM'S.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

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JANUARY 2.

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GOSSEP

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

NEXT week takes place the long-promised and once-postponed Royal visit to Chatsworth. Few of the great Society hostesses have so often entertained Royalty as has the Duchess of Devonshire, but this will be the first time that the Sovereign has stayed at the most splendid of all the Duke of Devonshire's country homes since the Accession. A wonderful series of entertainments has been arranged with a view to the Royal visit.

The Chatsworth theatricals have long been famed, and the various distinguished amateurs who have already distinguished themselves on the boards of the exquisite little theatre, once the ball-room, are expected next week to outshine even their own former record. Then the Royal house-party will drive over to Haddon Hall, where many years ago the then Prince of Wales was munificently entertained by the Duke of Rutland to luncheon, and each of the great sights of the neighbourhood will be visited in turn by their Majesties, should the Queen accompany the King, as it is hoped she will be able to do.

The Royal Wedding.

The Royal wedding, in spite of many rumours to the contrary, is to be celebrated at Windsor on Feb. 10. Wednesday has always been a favourite wedding-day in our Royal Family, and St. George's Chapel, Windsor, is far more adapted to so splendid a function as should be a Royal wedding than is the Royal Chapel in St. James's Palace. Their Majesties are anxious

Yet another of their Majesties' nieces has just become engaged, Princess Alexandra of Cumberland, whose forthcoming marriage to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is of wide interest to the whole German Empire.

The Duke of Norfolk's Marriage.

It is announced that the Duke of Norfolk's marriage to Lord Herries' elder daughter and heiress will take place before Lent, and it is more likely to be in London than at Everingham. The engagement is interesting for all kinds of reasons. For one thing, it illustrates the curious reluctance of the old Catholic families to marry outside their own comparatively restricted circle. For Miss Constable-Maxwell is a sort of double cousin of the Duke's. Her mother is his first-cousin, and there is another link in that one of her uncles, Mr. Joseph Constable-Maxwell, married the Duke's niece, Miss Monica Hope Scott, and took the additional name of Scott, for his wife brought him Abbotsford, which had descended to her from Sir Walter himself. These family ties are almost as complicated as those of the Grosvenors. There is yet a third link, for Lady Herries' younger sister, by her marriage with the Earl of Loudoun, became the sister-in-law of the Duke of Norfolk's first wife.

Norfolk House and Arundel.

Both Norfolk House and Arundel have been practically shut up since the death of the late Duchess of Norfolk, sixteen years ago. Now, however, it may be expected that the Earl Marshal of England and his bride will give in the splendid rooms those entertainments for which they are so ideally fitted. Norfolk House, it is not generally known, is almost as rich in historical associations as Arundel itself. "Farmer George" was born and baptised within its walls in 1738, when it was occupied by his father, Frederick, Prince of Wales—that "Fred" who, according to the bitter epitaph, "was alive and is dead," and so there is "no more to be said." As for Arundel, it is a noble pile on a hill which dominates the salt-marshes through which the little Arun takes



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

THE HON. GWENDOLEN MAXWELL.

[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

[Photograph by Lafayette.]

WHOSE MARRIAGE IS ANNOUNCED TO TAKE PLACE EARLY NEXT YEAR.

to show every honour to their pretty niece and young cousin, and the Queen will act as hostess to a very large and distinguished house-party, which is to include the King and Queen of Württemberg and the Dowager Queen Emma of the Netherlands. The Prince and Princess of Wales will also have a large party at Frogmore, and it is there that the happy bridegroom will spend his last day as a bachelor.

its rather sluggish course. It has been a good deal modernised by the present Duke, but it still remains, at any rate in its main features, perhaps the most perfect mediæval fortress extant. It is not generally known that it confers on its noble owner the Earldom of Arundel, and if the Duke were to part with the Castle—rather a large "if"—the purchaser would become Earl of Arundel.

The Chamberlain Year.

The year 1903 will be memorable in politics as Mr. Chamberlain's year. When he had made a triumphal progress through South Africa, those who judged him merely by his age thought there were no more worlds for him to conquer. Everyone was startled by the Birmingham speech and the House of Commons speech in which he raised a new agitation for preferential trade with the Colonies, involving a duty on corn. This became coupled with a project for duties on manufactured articles to protect home industries against "dumping" from abroad, and, after Mr. Chamberlain had resigned his great office as Colonial Secretary and assumed the rôle of "missionary of the Empire," he aroused the country by the series of impassioned speeches which he has concluded at Leeds. Even his opponents admit that he is now more powerful than any man has been since Mr. Gladstone at the height of the Midlothian campaign.

Mr. Chamberlain's latest project—the appointment of a Commission of his own, on the lines of a Royal Commission, to devise a model tariff—has been ridiculed by Liberals and denounced with vehemence by the leading Conservative organ. It has been described as an encroachment on the prerogatives of the Crown and on the privileges of the Government. The Commission consists chiefly of business-men; it is to represent the whole Empire; witnesses are to be called, and a tariff is to be framed for the benefit of a Government which may be formed to carry out the new policy. Mr. Chamberlain himself may not quail before newspaper criticism, but the appointment of this Commission will add to the acrimony of debate in Parliament.

Liberals and Unionist Free Fooders are drawing closer together. The Duke of Devonshire has repeated the advice to his friends not to support Chamberlainite candidates, and Mr. Churchill, in supporting the Liberal candidate for the Ludlow division, has urged that Free Traders of all parties should form one long line of battle against a common foe. Sir John Gorst and Mr. Churchill were recently guests of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, and, no doubt, they talked about the queer political situation and came to an understanding as to tactics at the opening of the Session.

The Chamberlain agitation has had two important results, in drawing forth the Duke of Devonshire into active controversy as a leader and in restoring Lord Rosebery to the counsels and guidance of the Liberal Party. It has also provided an opportunity which has been taken advantage of by the "political twins," Mr. Churchill and Lord Hugh Cecil, who are destined to be among the most conspicuous figures of the New Year. The Liberal statesman who has taken the most persistent part in the platform campaign of the recess is Mr. Asquith. His services have greatly raised him in the estimation of the whole of the Opposition, and Mr. Chamberlain has replied to him a great deal more than to any other critic.

Lady Sybil Grant. Lady Sybil Grant is thought by those who had the privilege of knowing the late Lady Rosebery to be singularly like her mother in appearance and in character. As Lady Rosebery, both as Miss Hannah de Rothschild and as the wife of the Liberal statesman whose success she did so much to promote,

was one of the most remarkable women of her generation, it would be hard to give Lady Sybil a higher meed of praise. Few of the younger women of Society have such an inheritance of brains. Through the Duchess of Cleveland she is descended from that wonderful race, the Stanhopes; through her father from the agile and acute Primroses; through her mother from the founder of the Rothschild family and fortune. Lady Sybil, with the whole world at her feet, chose to wed a young Scotch soldier of good family; but the name of Grant is honoured in the military annals of our Empire, and it is more than probable that Lord Rosebery's elder daughter will live to see herself the wife of a famous as well as of a distinguished officer.

A Great Liberal Hostess.

If persistent rumour for once proves true, and we have a General Election next spring, the young Countess of Crewe may see herself called upon to play a very great rôle in the social life of political London. Should her distinguished father become Prime Minister, the pleasant duty of acting as hostess to the whole Liberal Party will naturally fall on his youngest daughter, for Lady Sybil Grant, who is the

wife of the brilliant soldier, naturally lives wherever her husband's regiment happens to be stationed. Lady Crewe has a singularly pleasing and sympathetic personality; she was highly educated, and, as a girl, had all the advantages which high culture wedded to great fortune can give. She and her sister often accompanied Lord Rosebery to Italy, where Napoleon's apologist has a villa near Naples. The two Ladies Primrose were also frequently in France, and they early learnt to do the honours of Dalmeny and Mentmore. Few modern girls have been so fortunate in their chaperons, for it was said of their stately grandmother, the Duchess of Cleveland, that to know her was a liberal education, and both Lady Leconfield and Lady Mary Hope have inherited something of their mother's remarkable nature and vivid interest in contemporary affairs.

A few days ago, Mr. Georg Henschel delivered at Carlton House Terrace, on the occasion of an

entertainment given by the "Society of American Women in London," an extremely interesting lecture dealing with his personal recollections of Johannes Brahms. The reminiscences were exceedingly interesting from many points of view, but chiefly for this reason, that Mr. Henschel gave a most excellent account of Brahms's general attitude and outlook towards music, an outlook which has already been practically understood by most critics save by those who have persistently undertaken to exaggerate the cause of Brahms beyond its just appeal. Many of us have been saying, for example, and for a very long time, that, however splendid might be the technique of Brahms, he far too often erred distressingly when it came to the purely æsthetic side of his art. Concerning the merits of that proposition many a controversy has raged; but Mr. Henschel, by one incisive and most significant sentence, which, as he tells us, Brahms himself spoke to him, has surely settled that point for ever. That sentence should be written above all Brahms's work in letters of copper: "A thing need not be beautiful, but it must be perfect." That, indeed, is the motto of much of Brahms's work, but it is by no means the motto of a Bach, a Gluck, a Wagner—Wagner, whom Brahms, as Mr. Henschel explained, could never at any time endure. The orator's reminiscences of Brahms were engrossing.



LADY SYBIL GRANT.



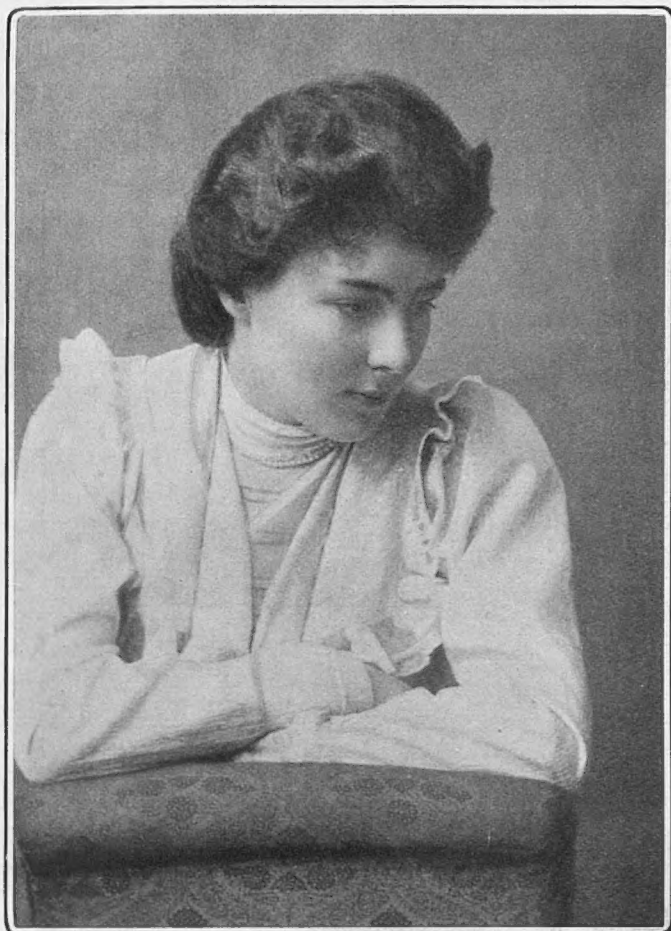
THE COUNTESS OF CREWE.

THE DAUGHTERS OF LORD ROSEBERY.

Photographs by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

*The Hostess of
Ashby St. Ledgers.*

If the ghosts of the old Catesbys still haunt the fourteenth-century house of Ashby St. Ledgers, in Northamptonshire, where it is said that the Gunpowder Plot was hatched, they will assuredly be glad to find reigning over those ancient chambers so charming a châtelaine as Mrs. Ivor Guest. The younger daughter of Lord Ebury, and so linked



THE HON. MRS. IVOR GUEST, THE NEW HOSTESS OF
ASHBY ST. LEDGERS.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

in blood to the whole powerful clan of the Grosvenors, she was born twenty-three years ago, and her marriage to Mr. Ivor Guest, the brilliant young M.P. for Plymouth and the son and heir of Lord Wimborne, was one of the events of 1902. It was quite recently that Mr. Guest bought Ashby St. Ledgers, the estate comprising not only the historic home of the Catesbys, but also the whole village of that name. Mrs. Guest became by her marriage a cousin of the Duke of Marlborough, and a niece of Lady Tweedmouth, Lady Howe, the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, and Lady Sarah Wilson.

*Playgoers' Club
Ladies' Christmas
Dinner.*

On the occasion of the Ladies' Christmas Dinner at the Hôtel Cecil on Dec. 20, a goodly number—some four hundred and forty—were assembled. Miss Nina Boucicault took the chair, and among those present were Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Isabel Jay, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, Miss Kate Cutler, Mr. William Archer, Mr. A. B. Walkley, Mr. B. W. Findon, and Mr. Max Beerbohm. To the somewhat lengthy toast of "The Ladies," proposed by Mr. Walkley, the President, Miss Nina Boucicault responded in a simple but charming little speech, in which she stated that this was the greatest honour of her life, save one, and that was conferred on her when on entering the world she found herself to be an Irishwoman. The audience greeted this with enthusiastic cheers, and Miss Boucicault asked them not to measure her gratitude by the poverty of her thanks, but to think what they would have said in her place, and give her the credit of saying it. As a memento of the dinner, the impersonator of little Moira Loney received a silver mirror. At the concert which followed, Mr. Bransby Williams gave some excellent imitations of well-known actors, Miss Isabel Jay rendered two songs very charmingly, and Miss Kate Cutler sang the Sobbing Song from "The Girl from Kay's."

*Kaiser and
Crown Prince.*

The young Crown Prince of Germany is, as the Emperor William did before him, causing his father a good deal of trouble. A fortnight ago he was placed under arrest in his own quarters for riding in a steeplechase without leave, and now he has offended in even worse fashion. The young Prince went openly to a performance of a play called "Taltov," which is founded on "Jena or Sedan?"—a novel which bitterly attacks the German Army and dynasty. The military authorities had forbidden all officers and soldiers to go to the Lessing Theatre, where the piece was being played; but the Crown Prince

took no notice of the prohibition and went to the performance openly, with an Aide-de-Camp. When the Emperor heard of it, he was furious at this disobedience of orders, and has again placed the Prince under arrest. As for the unfortunate Aide-de-Camp, he was publicly reprimanded and confined to barracks for three days.

"Mark."

Mr. Samuel L. Clemens is an illustration of the public's determination to keep their favourites in one groove. They don't want the man who wrote "A Tramp Abroad," the creator of "Huck Finn" and "Tom Sawyer," ever to write anything serious. The trouble is that "Mark Twain" really has a serious side to him, and his own favourites among his books are "The Prince and the Pauper" and "Joan of Arc." But "Mark" will have his revenge years hence, when we are all dead, and that terrible autobiography he is now writing about his contemporaries is published at last. It is odd that "Mark" cannot appreciate Thackeray, Goldsmith, or Addison, while Meredith simply moves him to roars of laughter. Yet he is passionately fond of Browning, and admires Stevenson and Kipling.

*"Mark" and the
King.*

"Mark" observed once at a public dinner that he had written a friendly letter to Queen Victoria protesting against a tax being levied in England on his head, on the ground that it was a gas-works. "I don't know you," he wrote, "but I've met your son. He was at the head of a procession in the Strand, and I was on a 'bus.'" Years afterwards he met the King at Homburg, and they had a long talk. At parting, the King said, "I am glad to have met you again." That last word troubled "Mark," who asked whether the King had not mistaken him for someone else. The reply—"Why, don't you remember meeting me in the Strand when I was at the head of a procession and you were on a 'bus?'"—revealed the strength of Royal memories.

*Mrs. and Miss
"Twain."*

"Mark Twain's" wife and daughter, who are technically, of course, Mrs. and Miss Clemens, are charming ladies, and the genial humourist has a home-life happier than falls to the lot of many great writers. It must be some years, according to the calendar, since Mark married Miss Olivia Langdon, of Elmira, in the State of New York, but he and his wife seem to have the secret of perpetual youth, which is certainly preferable even to the art of growing old gracefully. Miss Clemens seems to have inherited something of her father's humour, for on one occasion, when she was congratulated on being the child of so famous a man, she observed that it was rather hard on her to be the daughter of an individual who was always expected to live up to the



MRS. AND MISS CLEMENS, THE WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF
"MARK TWAIN."

Photograph by Falk, Sydney.

reputation of being "a funny man," and it is a fact that "Mark Twain" is never taken seriously, excepting, of course, by his own intimate friends, who know how much he yearns to write an absolutely humourless book!

The New Lord Stanley of Alderley.

The new Lord Stanley of Alderley, as Mr. Lyulph Stanley, was one of the most determined and advanced educational reformers in this country. His name is one of fear to many worthy folk who would fain see the education of our poor conducted on the old lines, and he is, of course, one of the most determined opponents of the great Party represented by the Spiritual Peers, with whom he will now have to sit cheek by jowl in the House of Lords. As Lyulph Stanley, he was one of the most brilliant of Oxford undergraduates, and his Radical utterances used to be listened to with intense amusement and interest by both friends and foes. He was at Balliol with Mr. Swinburne, and the late Master, Professor Jowett, was said to be particularly fond

Trees in Kingsway.

The authorities seem in no particular hurry to complete the new thoroughfares which are to be known as Kingsway and Aldwych, and, with the exception of the west front of the Gaiety, the district is a worse chaos than ever it was. But as, when they are finished, the new streets are to be the widest in London, it is to be hoped that the London County Council will not forget to plant a suitable array of trees down the centre of the road, instead of at the edges of the pavement, where they are always in the way. An ideal arrangement for Kingsway would be a covered pavement for foot-passengers on each side of the street and a fine row of trees down the centre. Then we should have a really fine-looking thoroughfare and one worthy of the capital of the world.



Pete (Mr. Fred Volpé).

Henders (Mr. Ernest Stallard).

Effie Proctor (Mrs. Russ Whytal).

A SCENE FROM "THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY," AT THE ST. JAMES'S: EFFIE AND HER RIVAL LOVERS.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

of both these remarkable although widely different young men. It has been said that every religious opinion is represented in the Stanley family: the late Peer was a Mohammedan, and one of the new Baron's most distinguished relatives is a prelate of the Roman Church.

The Hanoverian Succession.

When Prussia declared war on Austria in 1866, the King of Hanover, unfortunately for himself, took the losing side, with the result that the Prussians deprived him of his kingdom. King Christian of Denmark, who has himself suffered from Prussian rapacity, has been trying to bring about a reconciliation between the Kaiser and the rightful King of Hanover, who is known as the Duke of Cumberland. But Prussia demands that the Duke shall give up his rights in Hanover and be content with the Duchy of Brunswick, which is paying rather a high price for reconciliation. The Duchess of Cumberland is the daughter of King Christian of Denmark.

King Peter's Cuttings.

The King of Servia has just acquired one of the most remarkable collections of Press-cuttings in the world. When he was elected to the throne of Servia, he was living in retirement at Geneva, and before he left the place he gave orders to a firm of Press-cutting agents to collect every article that appeared in the papers about him and his accession to the throne. The collection is now complete, and fills five large volumes, there being no fewer than twenty thousand articles. The books are now to be seen in the window of a bookseller at Geneva.

Mistletoe.

Mistletoe is said to have gone out of fashion this year. But whether or no mistletoe is looked upon as a nuisance in flats, in the gardens at Hampton Court it has been unusually plentiful this year. The lime-trees which form an avenue along the walk in front of the Palace have been covered with huge bunches of the plant.

Coming Social Events.

The New Year opens pleasantly both for the Court and for Society. January and February will see many cheery functions, including a Royal wedding and possibly a Ducal marriage. Next Tuesday (5th), Lord Fincastle, V.C., one of His Majesty's many godsons, becomes a Benedict, and, a few days later, Lord Herbert, the Earl of Pembroke's son and heir, marries Miss Beatrice Paget. The news that the King and Queen are to open Parliament in person is a proof that their Majesties intend to spend at least a portion of the winter in town, as is also the announcement concerning the coming Courts. Wonderful things are predicted concerning the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's intentions as regards the entertainment which they are said to be going to give at Sunderland House. And it would seem as if the American Peeresses will have it this year all their own way, for, in addition to her Grace of Marlborough, the Duchess of Roxburghe and Lady Yarmouth both take their place this spring among our great hostesses. Almost rivalling in interest the announcement of the Duke of Norfolk's approaching marriage is that of Lord Ingestre's engagement to Miss Winifred Paget, whose sister is to be married next month to Lord Herbert. Lord Ingestre is in the Royal Horse Guards.

Miss March-Phillipps.

Miss Evelyn March-Phillipps is one of those wonderful modern women who seem able to do "many things in many lands and do them very well." She is a fine artist, as those who have visited her yearly exhibition in Bond Street have reason to know, particularly charming being her water-colours of Roman and Italian scenery. She has



MISS MARCH-PHILLIPPS, A CLEVER ARTIST AND WRITER.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

written many delightful articles in the magazines, including a really learned paper in the *Monthly Review* concerning the most famous of Roman villas; and she lately published, with Mr. Murray, the best of the smaller Guides to the Sistine Chapel. Miss March-Phillipps divides her life between England and Italy, and at one time she was specially successful in dealing with the most difficult of all housing problems; that of finding temporary lodging for the shifting population of the East-End.

Mr. J. B. Robinson.

Much nonsense is talked and written about the South African millionaires and their palaces in Park Lane. As a matter of fact, now that Sir Edward Sassoon has acquired the house which poor "Barney" Barnato never lived to enjoy, Mr. J. B. Robinson is the only conspicuous South African who is seated in the famous "Lane." The owner of Dudley House, whither the beautiful Georgiana, Lady Dudley, came as a bride, is a man of large ideas and wide views. He was among the first, if not quite the first, to anticipate the future of the Transvaal as a gold-producing country, and, though he dallied for a time with wool and diamonds—it is a curious coincidence that the discovery of the famous "Star of South Africa" diamond, sold to Lady Dudley for thirty thousand pounds, first fired his imagination and sent him off to Kimberley to dig—from 1886 onward he remained faithful to the yellow metal, which has certainly repaid him for his fidelity. When he was buying apparently worthless farms in the Transvaal, his friends used to tap their foreheads significantly, but he has long ago had the laugh over those wisecracks. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson are passionately fond of music, and that evening last July at Dudley House, when Réjane, Kubelik, Plançon, Clara Butt, and Sassoli all appeared, is still remembered with intense delight by all who were fortunate enough to be there.

New Men and Old Acres.

Westmorland, the lovely sister of Lady Warwick and of the Duchess of Sutherland, who was known to be much devoted to her husband's historic mansion and to its wonderful contents. Apethorpe has been since the days of Elizabeth one of those stately homes of England the like of which are not to be found in any other country, and there artists and architects were ever made welcome to inspect its many glories. The late Julian Fane, the poet of the family to whom Apethorpe has belonged so long, wrote some charming verses in honour of his ancestral home, and, in reference to the fact that it was originally built by the same man, Sir William Mildmay, to whom Cambridge owes the exquisite Emmanuel College, he says—

Collègiat in name,
As in its aspect, like the famous Halls
Whose hoary fronts make reverend the groves
Of Isis, on the banks of classic Cam.

Lady Westmorland's Garden.

Lady Westmorland took the deepest interest in the wonderful gardens of Apethorpe, of which an interesting feature are the yew hedges and firs; famed throughout the county of Northamptonshire being the Cedar of Lebanon which stands upon the lawn. The area covered by the spread of the cedar branches is over a hundred yards, and the tree forms the most prominent object from many windows of the house. An interesting point concerning the Apethorpe Gardens is that, perhaps owing to their great age, all sorts of curious and tender plants



THE COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND.

Photograph by Langfieri, Old Bond Street, W.



MR. J. B. ROBINSON, THE SOUTH AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE.

Photograph by Thomson.

flourish there which cannot be persuaded to grow anywhere else in the same neighbourhood. Doubtless Lady Violet Brassey, the new mistress of Apethorpe, will concern herself as much with its outward beauties as did her fair predecessor.

SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

PARIS.

Once more Christmas is over and past, and the Boulevards this week are filled with the crowds which move slowly from Bastille to Madeleine inspecting the small wooden shanties which have sprung up, mushroom-like, and will vanish within the first week of the New Year like the dew from the lawn of a morning.

I wonder each year what it is the Parisians "come out for to see" in the "Jour de l'An" shanties. I have known these small wooden erections, papered with cheap and garish wall-paper inside and clothed in red Turkey twill as to their counters, for far more years now than I care to remember, and never to my recollection have I seen anything novel in any of them. This year, as before, we have Santos-Dumont, made out of sardine-tins, who circles the booth and flies wondrously well till you have him at home. Here, an elderly lady extols the great merit of marvellous paste which will take all the spots out of clothing or polish brass candlesticks equally well. A gentleman has wash-leather purses on sale, and, to demonstrate that they are of use to millionaires, even takes piles of big five-franc pieces out of his pocket and shuts them up tight with a snap. "It is something to carry your fortune in comfort about in your pocket for no more than tenpence," he says, and each millionaire in the crowd buys a purse on the spot.

Then, out in the far-lying quarters, the hum of the holiday, "le Jour de l'An," is in the very air. We have, thank goodness, no "Waits" here in Paris, and, therefore, enjoy all the stories about them we see in the big Christmas Numbers which reach us from England; but dusk now falls early, and at each street-corner in Montmartre, Belleville, La Villette, and working-man's Paris in general, the song-vendors gather at four, or sometimes even earlier, and large crowds sing their wares till dinner-time calls them. The Paris song-vendor is typical. He starts round the circle which gathers as soon as he takes his stand at a corner, and distributes copies of songs with a confidence which is as touching as that of the vendors of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." He is not disappointed. The crowd may not buy many songs, but they sing them, and, if they don't buy,

they return all the copies. What matters a thumb-mark or two in Montmartre? And on each song sold at a penny the profit is sixty per cent., so a few unsold copies don't matter.

ROME.

Joy reigns in the heart of the Vatican! The Vatican "ship" has "come home," and has come home with a cargo worth more than a little. Pope Pius X. has just been presented with the sum of no less than forty-nine million lire by



MDLLE. MANON LOTI, A FAVOURITE OF THE PARISIAN STAGE.

Photograph by Reutlinger.



"LES KINERS-MOULIN," TWO CLEVER PARISIANS (NOW AT THE ALHAMBRA), IN "THE TRIBULATIONS OF A SOUBRETTE."

Photograph by Filderman, Paris.

the executors of the late Pope Leo XIII. This sum is equivalent in English money to the very respectable amount of £1,960,000 sterling. It is a windfall to be welcomed with open arms by any recipient, however rich or poor he may be; but to the Vatican it is especially welcome at the present juncture, for the finances of the Roman Church are said to have been left in a condition the very reverse of satisfactory.

The Italian papers have exploited the news to the full: a splendid account was given of the affair by one of the foremost of Rome's evening papers this last week. According to this paper, not only did carriages creak under the weight of the gold presented by Cardinal Gotti to the Pope, but a mysterious "find" of further sums was made behind the book-shelves of the private library of Pope Leo XIII. No detail was omitted. Cardinal Gotti's interview with the Pope was reported word for word. Pope Leo was represented as having told the said Cardinal Gotti that, "Were he (Gotti) to be made Pope, he was to use the sum for this and that object"; that, "if someone else were to be chosen to succeed himself (Pope Leo), then Gotti was to wait for four full months before handing over the money to the new Pope." And so on *ad infinitum*.

The mirth in the "Sala della Stampa" when the said account was read was charming to witness: journalists of every nation stopped in their work in order to gather fresh strength and recover their breath. "Forty millions!" exclaimed one. "Sacks full of shining yellow gold!" said another. "Lucky dog to have such a windfall!" said a third. But none believed the full essence of the brilliant tale unfolded to too-credulous readers by certain of the Italian newspapers.

One of the latest additions to the programme at the Alhambra is the clever equilibristic performance presented by "les Kiners-Moulin," a pigeon-pair of Parisian artistes. This is their first appearance in London. The lady is also a comédienne of ability and has appeared with considerable success at the Cigale Theatre, Paris,

MISS LOUIE FREEAR'S SUCCESSOR AT THE STRAND THEATRE.



"ALL IS OVER BETWEEN US."



"THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN! I'LL—!"



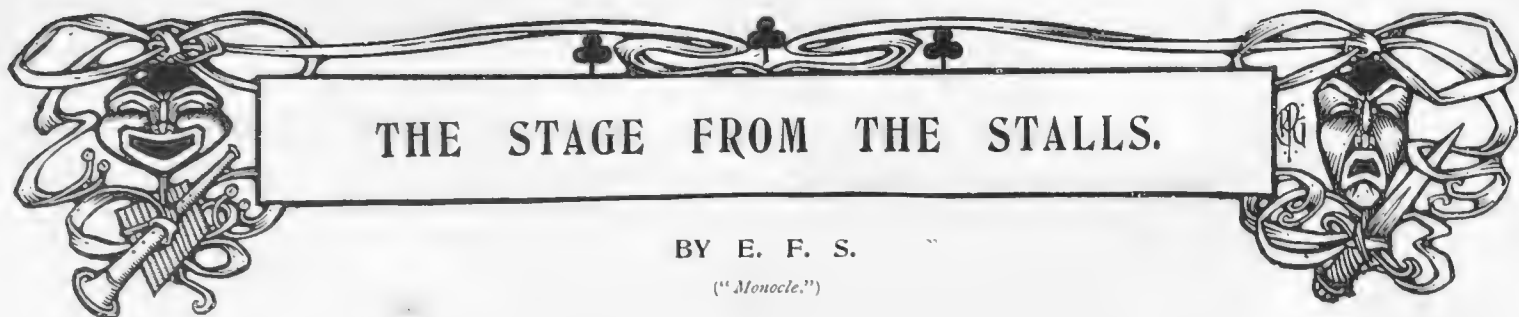
"DON'T GIVE IT AWAY; I'M FI-FI!"



AS SOUSA.

MISS HILDA TREVELYAN AS FI-FI IN "A CHINESE HONEYMOON."

Photographs by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"ALL FLETCHER'S FAULT" AND "THE CHERRY GIRL."

THERE were two reasons why I should be anxious for the success of Mr. Mostyn Pigott's play—two and a third. The first is that the success of a recruit to the ranks of dramatists is always welcome; the second, that the author is a fellow-worker in the field of journalism. I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance personally, but owe much pleasure to him for his brilliant contributions to the Press. The third is that strange sentiment which might be called Christmas fever. When arrived at middle-age, one may scoff at Christmas sentiment and its illogical basis, but early ideas assert themselves with many of us, and result in a curious willingness to mitigate harsh judgments, to be extravagantly encouraging; indeed, to speak the truth, an amiable tendency not to speak the truth. This, of course, is all wrong; truth ought to out, even in dramatic criticism, and in some cases, when I have juggled with my conscience and let down a rather dull entertainment so very gently that the letting down seemed more like lifting up, my conscience has pricked me and the thought that some luckless people may have suffered boredom through me has been painful. Perhaps one may add that the theatres assume, and, no doubt, correctly, that Christmas entertainments are designed for an extraordinary class of playgoer more easily pleased than the ordinary audience, and so one may be almost justified in modifying one's standard.

Now "All Fletcher's Fault" is not, strictly speaking, a Christmas entertainment, but really a normal any-season work with which an admirable actress, Miss Beryl Faber, begins her career as London manageress—I suppose I should say "actress-manageress," but it is an ugly mouthful—and, therefore, is not entitled to a Christmas plea in mitigation of criticism. Moreover, I do not want to suggest that it demands any "letting down gently" or that there is the risk of anyone being bored by it. No doubt the entertainment must be strengthened—probably it has been by now. A piece that begins at a quarter to nine and is over by eleven has something of the famous fault of the Dutch. However, "curtain-raisers" of quality can easily be obtained. It is regrettable that the circumstances of the modern theatre give so little opportunity for the production of the one-Act play and that managers are often very careless in choice of them, so that the would-be dramatist cannot work his way up from the comparatively easy task of interesting, amusing, thrilling an audience for half-an-hour to that of holding them for an evening.

One cannot help thinking that Mr. Pigott would have gained if he had worked under a system of beginning with the "curtain-raiser." "All Fletcher's Fault" is no Minerva birth. It is easy to see, throughout, the signs of inexperience, but, and worse still, it is possible to suspect that there is real evidence of insincerity. The title suggests farce—merry, irresponsible farce; but after a while we were plunged into sentiment that does not ring true. An acknowledgment is made of a debt to Charles Reade, but the spirit of intense sincerity that reigns in his novels—but not in his plays, though he sweated blood and water over them—is not discernible in the piece. It has its epigrams, some smart enough; neat repartees; one comic character, Harringay, stands out as a clever creation and is nicely handled to the end; Fletcher, the butler, is neatly drawn, and—and the play is quite unconvincing. It is never tedious and never thrilling, nor ever intensely comic: one passes from episode to episode with no doubt as to the goal and the way by which it will be reached. The little imbroglio concerning the virtuous Earl and his unjustly suspected relations with the chaste flower-girl is handled timidly: there was no need to introduce it and use it so timidly. One scents an instinctive disposition to use the ordinary tricks of the craft, and a repentance that prevents the author from making customary use of them.

It must be said in justice to Mr. Pigott that he had less than justice done to his play. The character of the Earl of Liss, a lazy hedonist who suddenly becomes an energetic philanthropist, in certain respects is well drawn; some fine shades of gradual change are indicated, though I fancy that a mistake is made in not suggesting an occasional reactionary touch or note of physical repugnance. The rich Londoner who asks where the lower orders live is not likely to mix intimately with them without shrinkings of disgust. Still, despite this there is a fairly well-drawn character, not uninteresting, but certainly difficult for the actor, and Mr. James Erskine has not the skill for it nor that indefinable quality of charm of individuality without which such a part must be uninteresting; he was not even able to control his countenance and seem unaware of the

existence of the audience. Miss Beryl Faber played her too-little part excellently. Fletcher, the butler, was capitally presented by Mr. Norman McKinnel. Mrs. Maesmore Morris came very near life as the pretty flower-girl, if too coquettish in costume. Mr. Somerset, with a touch of his recent Drury Lane part about him, was ingeniously amusing. Mrs. Nye Chart gave a clever little character-sketch. I am afraid one cannot honestly say that the author has won his spurs, but he has done enough to entitle him to make another effort.

Pantomimes, we know, are meant for children. But children are, among other things, an excuse to people of riper age for going to pantomimes; so pantomimes have adapted themselves to the tastes of those of riper age, and the children have been, in most cases, left out in the cold. But they have revolted against this most manifest injustice, and, from the number of children's plays of various degrees of merit which now appear every year, the revolt seems to be serious. Have the little dears risen up before the comic mother of the lady hero in pink tights and cried, "Papa, the funny man makes me want to go home"? Have the small boys vowed that Sinbad the Sailor in lace and velvet is not the man for them, or the small girls shuddered at the obtrusive worldliness of Cinderella? The usual pantomime-stories have grown too old, and of the managers who have come forward to make terms with the insurgents Mr. Seymour Hicks has, so far, been the most successful. Indeed, I shall not be at all surprised to find "The Cherry Girl" still appealing to those home for the holidays in the last week of July.

In this case it is quite unnecessary for the critic to remember that this is the season of goodwill; there are no harsh judgments to be mitigated and any encouragement is fully deserved. It is a simple production, of course, and cannot have cost Mr. Hicks very much trouble to write; probably just about as much trouble as the ordinary pantomime involves to the gentleman who writes the punning verses which all the players, except the Good Fairy, consistently ignore. But such literary labour as there is has been judiciously expended. Mr. Ivan Caryll has been brought in to supply some pleasant music, Mr. Wilhelm has helped in the arrangement of the dresses and the colour-schemes, neither the songs nor the singers have been imported from the halls, and the result is a really delightful entertainment to which all children may without hesitation bring their parents. It is humorous (some of the jokes are a little antiquated, but no matter); it is pretty; it has topical allusions very delicately done and calculated not to hurt the feelings of the fiercest politician; it contains parodies of recent plays, and its sentiment, though abundant, is never of the crude kind which makes the flesh creep.

The story is very slight, but it differs from a musical-comedy story in that, such as it is, it matters; and it deals with that very useful Christmas subject, the Beggar and the Prince. The Beggar in this case is a Cherry Girl in love with a Pierrot, who is, it seems, a sculptor and at work on a statue of the Queen. And here mark this peculiar coincidence: The Queen is Miss Ellaline Terriss, and in the entrance-hall of the theatre stands a statue of Miss Terriss lately executed by Mr. Toft. (Point this out to the children: it will interest them and show how the stage deals with the realities of life.) The Cherry Girl is most astonishingly like the Queen, and when the Queen has summoned her to the royal presence, she, being a young and frivolous Queen and full of humour, suggests that they should change places for a time, which is at once done, and Messrs. Stanley Brett and Murray King, being Tweedledum and Tweedledee in a new guise, hustle the real Queen out of the Palace. In the Pierrot's studio she begins to learn something of the world, and is carried away by spirits of the air in a dream to search for a ring which is hidden in a cake. Arriving in England a hundred years ago, she there falls in with a pleasant "knight of the road," who was the Pierrot, and comes to Homewood Hall, said to be haunted, for this is a Christmas play, but not really so, since it is a play for the very young. Here she finds the cake and the ring, and we have a charming cake-walk danced most excellently by a number of clever children; and the Queen awakes, to make the Pierrot and the Cherry Girl happy ever after. Miss Ellaline Terriss's whole performance is a thing of delight. Mr. Seymour Hicks, too, is quite in his element, has a neat little song in the second scene, says several funny things, and gives Miss Terriss the opportunity of saying things still funnier about himself; Mr. Courtice Pounds is an ideal Christmas Pierrot, and Miss Barbara Deane sings very prettily; nor must that important young gentleman, Master George Hersee, be forgotten.



MISS NINA SEVENING, PLAYING IN "A COUNTRY GIRL" AT DALY'S.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

XXXV.—IMBER COURT.

OF the many beautiful historic mansions within easy reach of town there are few which delight equally the artist, the historian, and the architect so well as Imber Court, the quaint, picturesque country-house which now belongs to Baron de Stern, a popular member of the great financial family which counts one British Peer, Lord Wandsworth, among its sons.



THE BEDROOM OF CHARLES I. (WITH BALCONY ATTACHED).

Imber Court can boast of as many great historical memories as can many a palace; it was mentioned in "Domesday Book" under the name of Inworth, and was a manor in the days of Henry III. Of course, of this very ancient portion of the house but little remains, and Imber Court as it now stands owed its being to that famous and quaintly named master-builder, Inigo Jones.

Owing to the fact that Sir Dudley Carlton, afterwards Viscount Dorchester, the great diplomat who had so much to do with the Thirty Years' War, owned Imber, Charles I. was a frequent visitor to the place, and it was in the beautiful gardens which are still so remarkable a feature of Imber Court that he and his French Queen spent many happy hours pacing up and down. Here they would enjoy hours of quietude, escaping from the great world of Hampton Court. The gardens of Imber reach down to the Thames, and are shaded by many fine trees, and in some ways the Royal lovers must have felt curiously at home, for the grounds round the house once formed part of certain Crown property, having been purchased by Henry VIII. from the Duke of Norfolk in order to increase his Hampton Court demesne.

Imber Court has also many curious political associations; for a while it was leased from Henry VIII. by Sir John Dudley, "God's own Knight," who, as Duke of Northumberland, was dragged down in the downfall of his daughter, the hapless Lady Jane Grey. Some of our own recent history was made at Imber Court, for Arthur Onslow, the "Great Speaker," spent there all his leisure during his amazingly long tenure of office, and the affection with which he held the place was shown by the fact that he settled it on his wife. There, within delightfully easy reach of town, he entertained the most brilliant personalities of the later eighteenth century, including Samuel Richardson, the author of "Sir Charles Grandison" and "Clarissa Harlowe," whom at that time all the great world was anxious to meet and admire.

In 1823, Imber Court passed into the possession of Sir Charles Sullivan, and among notable people who have resided there during the present century was Sir Francis Burdett, the father of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and the Duc d'Aumale, who went to Imber to be within easy distance of his venerable mother, Queen Marie Amélie, during the years of exile spent by her in this country.

Imber Court has always been celebrated for the beauty of its grounds, and notably for its exquisite kitchen-gardens, which are, as is so often the case in old pleasaunces, quite as well stocked with sweet-smelling blossoms as are the flower-gardens, particularly beautiful being the herbaceous borders which surround the more homely vegetable-beds. Of course, particular interest attaches to the leafy paths which have on one side the stream which renders Imber Court cool on the hottest summer day. The present owner of this wonderful old house has much improved it and added to its charm, while yet being careful not in any way to detract from its old-world loveliness.

A BOOK FOR CHILDREN.

Mr. Anstey must have observed the ways of the modern child more in sorrow than in anger, and forthwith sat down to write "Only Toys" (Grant Richards). He has given us a book overflowing with the whimsicalities which "Alice in Wonderland" has rendered dear to us for all time, and incidentally he enjoys the chance of sly hits at our Army, our Navy, our Prime Minister, and other national institutions. Santa Claus is the *deus ex machina*. He finds his *protégés*, the toys, sadly neglected in one house he visits, and reduces Torquil and Irene, two supercilious children of ten and nine, who declare themselves too big for such things, to a suitable size for dwelling in their own dolls'-house. Torquil and Irene, small in stature but wise with surpassing wisdom, proceed with some contempt to inform the Doll Queen and her Court of Toys (now endowed with speech and motion, even if sparsely provided with brains) that their Army and Navy are shams, their banquets not composed of real food, their Court Artist, straight from Paris, incapable of painting a portrait—in fact, that they are all "only toys," and soon around them lie a mass of inert playthings, crushed by the bitter truths forced upon them. Santa Claus, however, has his revenge by introducing the children to a kingdom where the toys are more than their match, and where they narrowly come to utter grief through the callousness and mercenary qualities of their hosts. Their sufferings point the moral without which, of course, no self-respecting story could go to press. Probably they endured most discomfiture at the hands of Mrs. Bodgers, the landlady, who took no rent for her apartments, but made a trifling charge for wear-and-tear—"twopence every stair you go up, a penny every one you go down; threepence each time you sit down, sixpence when you get up; heat from the fire a halfpenny a minute!" Does this not suggest that the author himself has suffered at one time or other from "extras"?



THE FAMOUS KITCHEN-GARDENS.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



IMBER COURT, THE RESIDENCE OF BARON DE STERN.



KING CHARLES'S FAVOURITE WALK IN THE GROUNDS OF IMBER COURT.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

A PIONEER in the modern movement which has taken women far and wide into the world of journalism is Mrs. Humphry, whose books, signed by her well-known pseudonym, "Madge," have made her known in every portion of the world in which the English language is spoken. These books have given Mrs. Humphry a correspondence so great that at least two hours every day have to be

devoted to answering letters of inquiry as to manners, behaviour, deportment, and what not, from men, and women too, who are anxious to bring their habits into conformity with those of the most approved models. It says much for Mrs. Humphry's habits of punctuality that those letters are invariably answered the same day on which they are received. Very curious those letters frequently are. Not very long ago, for instance, an officer in the Navy wrote that he had so small a waist that he had to wear stays! He wanted a *corsetière* recommended. The stays were made and duly despatched. If an officer in the Navy is a somewhat exceptional person to make such inquiries, it must be admitted that officers in

to set up the type. She then joined the staff of the magazines published by Messrs. Ward and Lock, and edited the domestic part of the *Englishwoman's Magazine*, and the whole of the *Young Englishwoman* and the *Milliner and Dressmaker*. So unacquainted was she with the value of her work that she actually agreed to give her whole time for the by no means princely remuneration of fifty-two pounds a-year. Before three months were over, however, the firm had doubled her salary, and it was doubled again later on, when *Sylvia's Home Journal* was started and Mrs. Humphry became its editor-in-chief.

At that time so great was the demand for her work that, in addition to her editorial duties, she had to write three articles a-day, each fifteen hundred words in length. This she did five days a-week, in addition to a correspondence involving on an average two hundred letters a-month. What the mere physical labour of such work is may be imagined when it is said that Mrs. Humphry wrote every word with her own hand, a course she still adopts to-day. As she humorously remarks, her ideas only "run down her arm," for which reason she never dictates her articles. Perhaps another reason is to be found in the fact that, when she did try to dictate, her secretary would occasionally look up from her work and remark that her new hat, gown, or some bit of feminine frippery had "come home last night and it was a dream." Instead of sternly bidding her be quiet, Mrs. Humphry would ask to be told all about it and serious inroads would be made on her time.

When, eventually, she resigned the editorship of *Sylvia*, she filled up the time by writing for eight weekly papers. To-day, though she is devoting herself more to books, which, as she says, "earn money for you in royalties while you sleep," she still writes her weekly letter for *Truth* and a weekly letter of London doings for several provincial papers.

Writing so much, Mrs. Humphry's "copy" has not infrequently been subjected to curious changes at the hand of the type-setter, and even of the provincial editor. On one occasion, she wrote, "The bee drinks large draughts of beauty on the hillside," and when her proof came to her she was astonished to find that she had given to the insect which stands for industry a new characteristic, to say nothing of ruining its character, for the line read, "The bee drinks large draughts of brandy on the hillside."

On another occasion, in one of her letters for the country papers, she described a dinner at the Savoy when Joseph was the *chef*, and remarked, "The great Joseph hovered about, looking more ecclesiastical than gastronomical." Evidently thinking that "the great Joseph" could only be that personage who occupies so prominent a position in the political world at present, the phrase was changed, and Mrs. Humphry was made to write, "Mr. Chamberlain hovered about, looking more ecclesiastical than gastronomical."

Curiously enough, it was a mistake of this sort which obtained for Mrs. Humphry her first fashion article in *Truth*. One used to appear every week. It was written in Paris, and invariably contained funny mistakes. At last, the well-known material, Point d'Esprit, was described as "Point St. Esprit." That mistake was too much, even for *Truth*. The Paris dress article was stopped, and Mrs. Humphry was commissioned to do it.

Her first contributions to that paper were accounts of fashionable weddings. One day, The Mackintosh of Mackintosh was married at



MRS. HUMPHRY AND MISS PEARL HUMPHRY, HER DAUGHTER.

the Army who seek similar information are exceedingly numerous. Numerous, too, are the applications from "best men" to be instructed as to their duties on the momentous day, though, oddly enough, bridegrooms are content to be led to the altar in blissful ignorance of what is expected of them, so far, at least, as Mrs. Humphry's teachings go. One of the "best men" recently instructed was evidently a poet, for he wrote a sonnet to express his gratitude. Other men have, however, expressed their sense of obligation for Mrs. Humphry's writings in another form. She has had several proposals of marriage from people she has never seen or heard of before. These she has put down to the recipes which she introduced into her weekly letter in *Truth*. The proposers, no doubt, believe that the woman who is always printing recipes for such delicious dishes has the first requisite for being an ideal life-partner. The gentle sarcasm of the thing comes in in the fact that Mrs. Humphry does not invent the dishes herself. They are either done by professional cooks in various parts of England and are sent to her, or are recipes of Anglo-Indians from whom she has had them.

Necessity, gently coercive, if not stern, was, no doubt, the primary cause of Mrs. Humphry's devoting herself to the calling in which she has so conspicuously succeeded. She had, however, always desired to write, and may even be said to have come by some of her talent by heredity, for her grandfather, the Rev. John Graham, wrote many books, and one of her uncles, who was for many years Chaplain to the Forces in Trinidad, spoke seven living languages, and was a classical scholar of no mean attainments. Mrs. Humphry has transmitted her skill to her daughter, who has written two or three plays, one of which Sir Henry Irving characterised as being "very pretty," while verses from her pen have appeared in many of the best weekly papers, which have also contained a good deal of her prose.

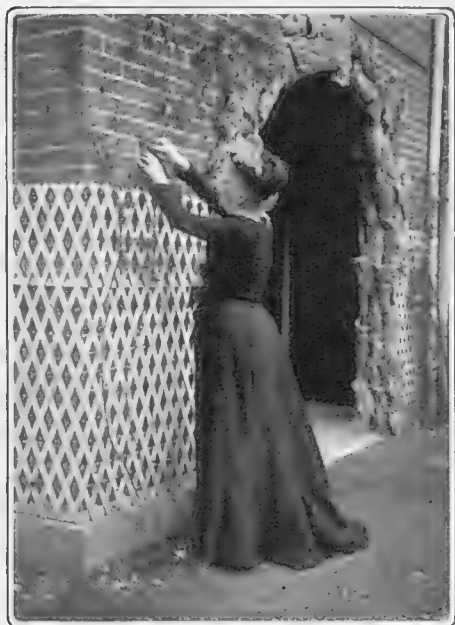
Mrs. Humphry had no training for journalism beyond an unusually good education and a great love of languages. She began at a time when the only thing which a woman was supposed to be able to do was to act as a governess. Having no gifts in that direction, she looked round for a secretaryship. At a Club for women in Berners Street, she volunteered one day to copy out something for an old lady. The latter was so pleased with the punctuation that she spoke to another member of the Club, who offered Mrs. Humphry just what she wanted most to do, literary work. This was on the *Drawing-room Gazette*, an amateurish thing, it is true, with an intermittent weekly circulation. On that paper, however, Mrs. Humphry learned a great deal connected with journalism—even



"CARRIG CLEENA," MRS. HUMPHRY'S HOUSE AT MAIDENHEAD. THE NAME IS TAKEN FROM THE SAVOY OPERA, "THE EMERALD ISLE."

LXXIV.—MRS. C. E. HUMPHRY ("MADGE" OF "TRUTH").

St. George's, Hanover Square. It was the wettest day Mrs. Humphry had ever seen, and, with the past season fresh in her recollection, one can only wonder vaguely what the weather was like. The opportunity for humorous writing on such an association of name and rain was too good to be lost, and Mrs. Humphry made



"THOUGH A JOURNALIST, I AM VERY DOMESTICATED. GARDENING IS ONE OF MY GREAT HOBBIES."

the most of it. It was about the time when the æsthetic movement was in full blast. Mrs. Humphry described one of the wildest Private Views at the Grosvenor, and the editor, writing to compliment her on the article, asked for more. Mrs. Humphry suggested that it should take the form of a weekly letter to "Dearest Amy." The suggestion met



"CHAMBERLAIN, I FANCY, IS INCLINED TO DIS-TRUST MY KNOWLEDGE OF THE SUBJECT."

with favour, and since then "Madge" has never missed a week in writing to her friend, though a quarter of a century has passed since the letters began. Not that Mrs. Humphry has not been away from home during that time, for she has, but consideration for that letter has always dominated the selection of the places for



"HOWEVER, HE ALLOWS ME TO DO A FEW LITTLE THINGS."



"COME INDOORS AND I WILL SHOW YOU ANOTHER OF MY ACCOMPLISHMENTS."



"YOU SHALL HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY, IN FACT, OF SAMPLING 'MADGE'S COOKERY.'"

her holiday. Indeed, it is a standing joke in the family that the authorities have to answer one question—"Are the posts good?"—before Mrs. Humphry will go anywhere.

For the *Daily News*, too, Mrs. Humphry has written a great deal, and it is interesting to recall that her articles on



"IT'S GOING ON BEAUTIFULLY."

dress were the first which ever appeared in a daily paper. For that paper, too, Mrs. Humphry used to do a great deal of special descriptive work, and it was she who represented it at the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Buckingham Palace. She was the only woman reporter present, and the exigencies of the occasion made it



"WE WILL WAIT IN THE DRAWING-ROOM. PARDON ME IF I DO SOME WORK WHILST I AM TALKING."

necessary for her to put on evening-dress at nine o'clock in the morning. The mental attitude engendered by such an unusual character of costume must be experienced to be appreciated. It is difficult otherwise to understand what one feels like with a low-cut bodice in the glaring light of the morning.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

"LAND-OWNERS, farmers, and labourers are left to perish, starved and frozen in the free-trade frost." This is a serious prospect, is it not? I read about it in my morning paper, and the words quoted are taken from the speech of a well-known novelist who combines the making of books with the cultivation of land not a thousand miles from the town of Norwich. Well, I can claim to know the Eastern Counties fairly well. I have lived in them from time to time, and every year finds me shooting or fishing or boating in East Anglia. Consequently, I know land-owners, farmers, and labourers, and am compelled to say that in the past ten years I have known no case of starvation aggravated by freezing.

In fact, the agricultural labourer is better off than his father was, having better food and more of it. The farmer grumbles, but he did that when corn fetched sixty shillings the quarter, and will do it so long as land is land. The owner tells you that things are horribly bad when you meet him on the country-road and he checks his fine new motor-car to have a chat with you; when you meet him by covert-side when the hounds are drawing he sighs for the good old times, and he mentions incidentally that he has had two good runs already this week. With these facts the line I have quoted seems at variance, to say the least, and it makes me think the novelist has been romancing.

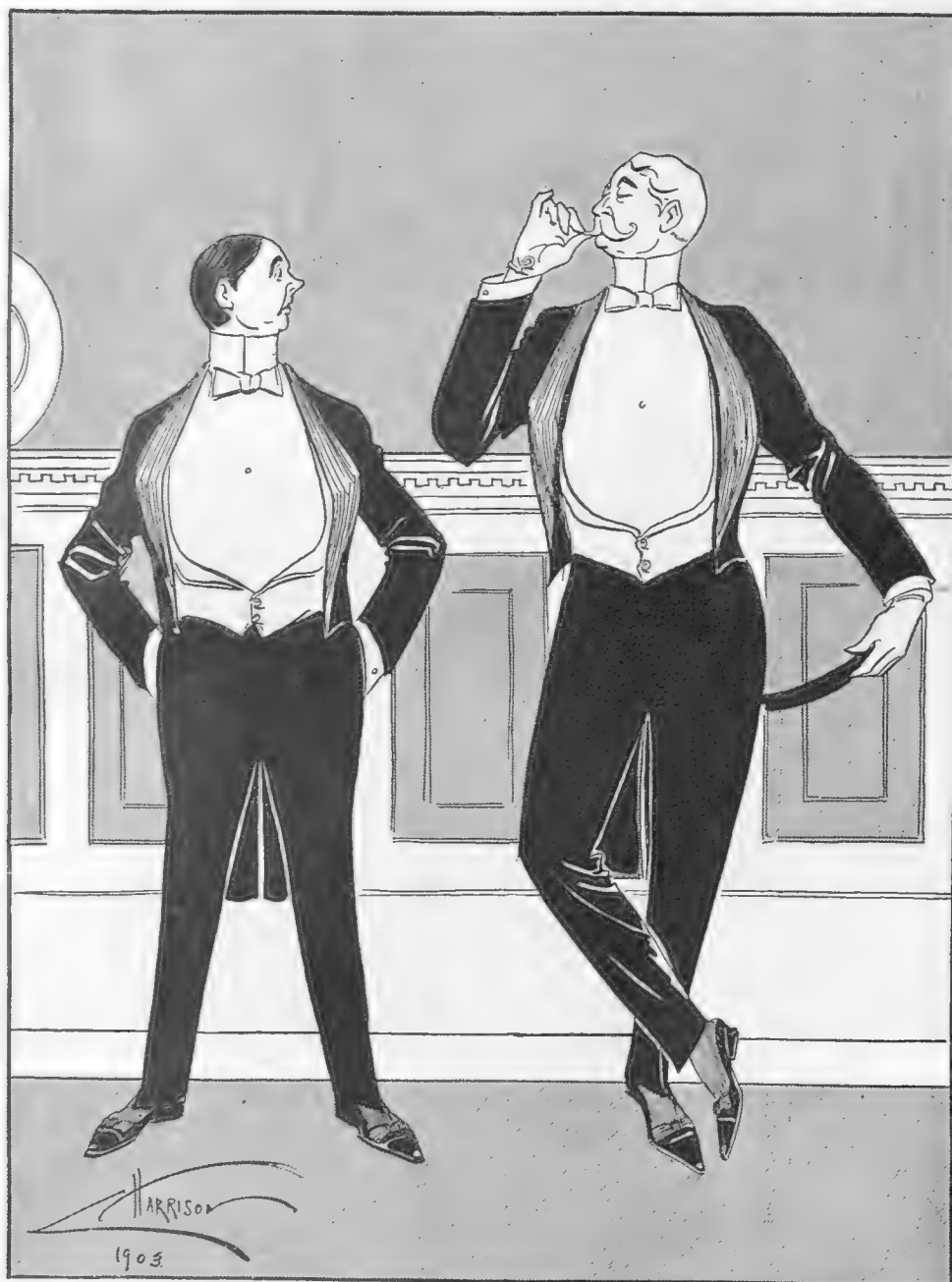
My morning paper brings glad tidings to schoolboys. Lord Meath is busily establishing an Empire Day for British schools. The 24th of May in every year should be set aside, he thinks, for a morning examination upon the extent and variety and organisation of the countries that make up the British Empire, and the afternoon should be illustrated with lantern-slides or lectures showing what and where Great Britain is. Lord Meath is so much in earnest that four out of our five self-governing Colonies and seven of the Crown Colonies and Dependencies have promised to introduce an Empire Day festival into their calendar throughout the State-aided schools on the date selected. Even if the idea is not new—the United States having a similar institution which is duly acknowledged—it is exceedingly good, for it provides instruction in the least aggressive form known to schoolboys and there is a half-holiday thrown in.

On the day after to-morrow, Tammany will enter upon its official rights in New York, and, in the emphatic language of its countrymen, will proceed to "take the lid off." Selected quarters of N'York will become as Haymarket and "The Square" were in the mid-Victorian era, the forgotten times of "living statuary," "Trials by Jury," and other institutions that are best left unmentioned. The Tammany crowd has to make money; from the ultimate "boss" down to the youngest policeman it is a case of the "devil taking the hindmost." I am assured that he is but a poor thing in policemen who has not got a gold watch-and-chain and a pile of greenbacks in reserve against the awful day when nothing but honest work stands between him and the ranks of the unemployed. In fact, if the rule of Tammany could but be assured, men would give their sons a few years in the Police Force instead of the University, in order that they might see what life is like and accumulate the capital necessary to start them in business.

It is pleasant to read how the naval authorities are worrying round their latest purchases, the Chilean men-of-war. Trials and examinations and tests of every sort and manœuvres public and private are preliminary not to the purchase, but to the inclusion in the fighting squadrons of the country. Clearly it is not enough to be a battleship of modern and expensive design with an up-to-date armoury and the trade-mark of a noted firm of British shipbuilders. The exclusiveness of the British Fleet demands more than this. Your modern society of men-of-war is more exclusive than the Royal Yacht Club. Yet I hope to read that the *Constitution* and *Liberty*, having been weighed in the balance, are not found wanting. If their defects turn out to be at all serious, we shall all be regretting that the Admiralty was so greedy and grasping that it would not let the eager Muscovite buy them.

A LONDON COLONNADE.

It would be a great boon to Londoners if the London County Council would insist that those who build shops along the new Kingsway from the Strand to Holborn should make a covered walk the whole length of the street. At present, London is the one big city in Europe in which the unfortunate pedestrian is not considered, for there is not a single street in which he can walk sheltered from the rain, although ours is undoubtedly the wettest capital of all. The usual objection made to a colonnade is that undesirable people would loaf about in it, but the powers of the police are great enough to enable them to "move on" anyone who was obstructing the pathway. We are just ending the rainiest year ever known, and so this seems a very fitting time in which to urge such a desirable innovation on the authorities. Some day, perhaps, we shall have all our streets roofed in with glass and shall look upon an umbrella in London as a survival of barbarism, but, as a beginning, we might be allowed to walk along the new street without getting wet through.



PAGES FROM MY ALBUM OF BORES.

III.—THE MAN WHO DETAILS HIS CONQUESTS OVER WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN.

Tennyson's Heroines.



Drawn by A. Forestier.



IV.—MAUD.

*"Maud has a garden of roses
And lilies fair on a lawn;*

*There she walks in her state
And tends upon bed and bower."*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE third volume of Chambers's "Cyclopædia of English Literature" concludes the work, and is a mass of fascinating, absorbing, and, in some parts at least, important and primary literature. The greater part of the work is anonymous and was prepared under the supervision of the accomplished editor, Dr. Patrick. But a considerable section is made up from contributions by well-known critics whose names are given. Quite the most important and interesting essay of the whole series is that on Byron by Mr. Theodore Watts - Dunton. It

abounds in accurate and careful critical judgments and in brilliant *obiter dicta*. Mr. Watts-Dunton is inclined to laugh at Byron's unhappiness. The main causes of Byron's misery seem to him to have been fat and shortness of money. Mr. Watts-Dunton considers that fat is the most potent physical cause of human unhappiness. Byron lived in pre-banting days and kept down his fat by living mainly upon biscuits and soda-water; but it is very likely that his remedies weakened his constitution, robbed it of its power of resisting the attacks of disease, and so shortened his life. "Of course, had it not been for Byron's colossal vanity the tragedy of fat would not have been so appalling, but it made his life a kind of martyrdom." This recalls the experience of Napoleon, who degenerated physically at Elba. As Lord Rosebery says: "A terrible activity had become necessary to his life. The suppressed energy, the necessary change of habits, injured his health. He became enormously fat; this was the great change that struck his adherents on his return to the Tuileries in the following March. He, indeed, used this circumstance as an argument to prove his change of character, in a manner that suggests a reminiscence of Shakspeare. Striking his stomach with both hands: 'Is one ambitious when one is as fat as I am?' He had no longer the 'lean and hungry look' that denotes the dangerous man who thinks too much." I should be inclined to say that the fat man is generally a contented man, but that the man who struggles with a tendency to fat is generally miserable. Had Byron allowed himself to become corpulent he might have lived long and peacefully.

Of the failure of Byron's marriage Mr. Watts-Dunton takes a sensible view. Byron was a Bohemian, and he tied himself in wedlock to the most strait-laced and priggish woman in the whole fashionable world of the Regency. "A most worthy and respectable lady she was,

no doubt; but she was steeped in a peculiar atmosphere of *bourgeois* Puritanism—the only woman, perhaps, who was so steeped in the whole Melbourne set, or, indeed, in the whole patriciate of that time." This is, no doubt, true, so far; but it should be remembered that in later years Lady Byron was, for her time, a woman of remarkable breadth of view. She it was who took up such dangerous heretics, as they were then considered, as Robertson of Brighton and George Macdonald. Macdonald dedicates to her one of his early novels "with a love stronger than death." Robertson

was entrusted with the care of her papers and the writing of her biography, but the appointment fell through, owing, I believe, to the action of Lady Byron's legal representatives. Her journals were at one time set up in type, and many of Robertson's letters to her are, or were, in existence, unpublished. Her later friends, however, testified that she could brook no difference of opinion, and she became estranged from some of the most notable among them, including, I believe, the late Mr. R. H. Hutton of the *Spectator*. Of Byron's poetical rank, Mr. Watts-Dunton stands midway between the depreciation of Landor and the laudations of Matthew Arnold. Matthew Arnold's exaggerated estimate of Byron's poetry he traces to his reverence for the opinion of Goethe. Mr. Watts-Dunton holds that, brilliant as Byron's best work is, no place can properly be found for him among the great writers of the world.

Canon Ainger, whose dealings with Charles Lamb have been so severely criticised of late, intimates in his article on "Elia" that he has in preparation a new and enlarged edition of Lamb's letters. It will be interesting to see how far Canon Ainger's views of the rights of editors have been modified by the strictures and the labours of Mr. Lucas and Mr. Macdonald. o. o.

The portrait of Mr. Richard Lee reproduced herewith is an admirable specimen of Mr. Edwin Ward's art. The picture, which

was greatly admired this year at the Royal Academy, at present hangs in the Savage Club, side by side with Mr. Edwin Ward's well-known painting of Mr. E. J. Odell. Mr. Lee, who is well known in theatrical and journalistic circles as dramatic critic of the *People*, had the good fortune in his early youth to be a personal friend of Dickens and Thackeray. Plays from his pen have been produced in London theatres, and, in earlier life, he had a considerable reputation as an amateur actor.



MR. RICHARD LEE, DRAMATIC CRITIC OF THE "PEOPLE."

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDWIN A. WARD, EXHIBITED THIS YEAR AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE SUBJECTION OF LOUISE.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

"Of all the absurd proceedings, Dick," the woman said, yawning, "I think that this is absolutely the maddest I ever heard of. For Heaven's sake, be reasonable, and tell me why you have dragged me out of bed before sunrise to bring me to this scene of desolation."

The man shipped his oars, and, jumping from the boat, pulled it up on to the beach. Then he held out his hand to the woman. "If you will allow me," he said, quietly, "I think that you can land now without wetting your feet."

"But why on earth should I land at all?" she asked, impatiently. "Why have you brought me to this wilderness of a place? Do you expect me to play Man Friday to your Robinson Crusoe?"

He held out his hand again—a little insistently.

"With your permission," he said, "I will offer you an explanation when you are landed. I do not think that a sea-bath would be altogether——"

She jumped lightly out—a very dainty person indeed, and not at all inclined to spoil her white flannel dress and trim patent shoes by the immersion which seemed imminent. He secured the boat and quietly lit a cigarette.

"We will sit here," he said, motioning her to a flat rock, and, contrary to her custom, she obeyed.

"Well?" she asked.

He regarded her steadfastly. He was a tall, loosely built man, fair, but with a strong face, and deep-set, grey eyes. The woman was *petite*, piquant, and elegant. She had dark eyes, fair hair, and a bewitching mouth. She wore her clothes as everyone said that none but Mrs. Earle Curteis could wear them. The fact that they were husband and wife was sometimes overlooked.

"I have taken the liberty of bringing you here," he said, "in order to secure an undisturbed *lête-à-lête* with you. On board the yacht, as you may have noticed, that is somewhat a difficult affair."

"Really," she murmured, "you might have been more considerate. You could have had all the conversation you wanted without dragging me out of bed at five o'clock in the morning."

"I doubt it," he answered, coolly. "The hour after breakfast belongs, I believe, to Major Duncan. Then there is your game of shuffleboard with Ellison, with which, I believe, nothing is allowed to interfere; and Forsyth is invariably waiting to claim you directly afterwards. After lunch, Duncan, I believe, reads to you——"

"Oh, that will do!" she interrupted, looking at him curiously. "You desire a *lête-à-lête* with me, and you have secured it in a somewhat original manner. I am waiting to hear what you have to say."

He nodded slowly.

"Very well," he said, "you shall hear. We have been married five years, I think, Louise."

"What a memory!" she murmured.

"From the third day of our honeymoon until to-day," he continued, coolly, "I have apparently shared your society—that is, if I can be said to have shared it at all—with a long array of admirers, in whose number there may have been safety, but whose continual presence you must forgive me if I have found a little bewildering. Your cavaliers have been legion—the fact that you have a husband at all is a fact which I think many of our friends are sometimes inclined to forget. Don't misunderstand me. I make no serious charge against you. Only, I am weary—wearied to death of seeing you day after day monopolised by whatever good-looking or interesting man may be around."

She looked at him with a faint smile. After all, this promised to be a little interesting.

"You are—jealous?"

He looked steadily at the yacht moored a little way out in the bay.

"Well," he said, "perhaps I am. At any rate, I have brought you here to explain exactly how I feel, and to ask you whether you are disposed to make a clean sweep of the whole thing. I am weary of seeing other men hang over your chair and offer you the attentions of a lover. I propose to land them all at Newton and take you for a cruise alone. Do you agree?"

"My dear man," she exclaimed, "you are joking!"



"I was never," he assured her, "more in earnest in my life."

"You mean it—seriously?"

"Subject to your consent, I mean it seriously."

"It is absurd," she answered. "We should be bored to death—both of us."

For a moment he seemed to wince, but he recovered himself almost immediately. His tone was a shade colder, perhaps—a certain almost imperceptible nervousness had passed from his manner.

"Ah!" he said, "there is always that possibility, of course. Nevertheless, Louise," he continued, turning slowly towards her, "I

feel that I have played the part of complaisant husband long enough. I am sick of your affairs and your followers. I propose to end it."

She laughed softly, yet a little uneasily. There was a look on her husband's face which was new to her. She studied him for a moment. Really, he was almost good-looking. A certain amount of grimness became him. She smoothed her skirts over her knees, and, suddenly looking up, laughed in his face.

"And how," she asked, "do you propose to accomplish the miracle?"

"Stand up," he said. "I want to show you something."

She rose to her feet, and her eyes followed his outstretched forefinger. On the slope of a slight eminence was a long, one-storey house, built of wood, and with a verandah thrown out towards the sea.

"Why, I thought that the place was uninhabited!" she exclaimed.

"It is," he answered, "save for the man and woman who look after that shanty for me."

"For you?"

"For me. I should explain that the island belongs to me. I bought it for a mere song a few years ago for the sake of the sea-bird shooting. I used to come here sometimes before we were married."

"Indeed!" she remarked. "I had no idea that your possessions were so extensive."

"The place is a stony waste," he said. "It did not cost me so much as the simplest of the jewels which have the privilege of adorning your person every evening."

She was a little uneasy. He was talking in a manner which was strange to her.

"I still," she said, "do not understand why you have brought me here. And see, there is another boat putting out from the yacht. Who is it, I wonder?"

"It is your luggage," he answered. "Your maid has packed everything you are likely to want."

She looked at him in amazement.

"My luggage! What on earth for?"

"You are going to stay here for a little time," he said, coolly.

"I am going to stay here!" she repeated. "Is this a ghastly joke, Dick? I never heard anything so absurd in my life."

"You are going to stay here," he repeated, steadily. "You will find the bungalow fairly comfortable, and Peters and his wife are very civil people. I am landing your friends this afternoon at Port Newton on account of your sudden indisposition. They will believe you to be in your cabin. As a matter of fact, you will be here."

She burst into a fit of uncontrollable yet not altogether natural laughter. She was, in reality, in a state bordering on hysterics.

"A delightful scheme!" she cried. "You and I alone in a Paradise—such a Paradise!" with a little wave of her white hand.

"Dick, you must be mad."

"You mistake me," he answered, quietly. "I am not proposing to inflict my company upon you."

"Alone!" she shrieked. "I am to be left here alone?"

"Exactly," he agreed, rising to his feet. "Now listen to me, Louise."

He stood over her, and the lines about his mouth were hard and merciless. He was tall, well over six feet, and she suddenly remembered that she had always admired tall men.

"You will be dull here," he said, "in a certain way. So far as the capacity lies in you, you will suffer. Yet I would have you remember this: All your little pains and weariness will never amount to anything compared with the torture with which you have blackened my days. I married you for love. The misfortune is that I must love you for all time. I have done what I could to make you happy. It is obvious that I have failed. A couple of days alone with me is sufficient to make you miserable. Wherever we move you are surrounded with

admirers. I find myself continually in a position which no self-respecting man could endure. I have played the complaisant husband long enough, Louise. God knows that for two pins I would have run the yacht on Forness Rocks last night and ended the whole thing. You see, I am frank with you. I hate the sight of the men who accept my hospitality and think it sport to make love to my wife before my eyes. I choose to end it in this fashion. After a time I shall come or send for you. For the present, good-bye."

He turned away to escape the outburst which he regarded as inevitable. To his surprise, she did not speak. Her silence unnerved him. He lingered, and looked behind. She was still sitting on the rock, and her face was inscrutable.

"I think you have said good-bye," she remarked.

"Your luggage is there upon the beach," he said, "and Peters and his wife are waiting on the balcony. They will come down directly we have all gone. You will find them very decent people. I hope—that you will be comfortable."

It was very lame, but the unexpectedness of her manner confused him altogether. Suddenly she held out her hand and raised those wonderful eyes to his. There was the ghost of a smile upon her lips, but her manner was quite serious.

"Do you mind shaking hands?" she said.

He set his teeth hard, and slowly retraced his steps. For the storm of tears and passionate anger which he had expected he was prepared. This was different—far worse. He took the little hand in his, and then, suddenly bending over her, he kissed her passionately on the lips. Then he hurried away, steeling himself all the while against the appeal which never came. He looked back from the boat. She was still sitting upon the rock, a strange and somewhat desolate-looking object, her face still turned seawards. She waved her hand to him. He bent over his oars and groaned. Louise, as she rose to her feet and shook out her skirts, was in a curious mood. She had expected to be furiously angry—she was intensely surprised to find herself on the brink of tears. She watched the two boats until they were out of sight, and then she walked aimlessly along the beach towards her trunks. A tall, stalwart man had already taken possession of them. He touched his cap awkwardly.

"I'm taking your things up right along, Ma'am," he said. "My missis is waiting to see to them for you. She was a lady's-maid before we were married, and I'm sure we'll do our best to make you comfortable, though it's a roughish sort of place for them as aren't used to it."

Louise nodded absently.

"Thank you very much," she said. "You can tell your wife to unpack all she can and get me some breakfast. I shall be up presently."

She sat upon the rock and watched the returning boats. She was not quite sure that it was not all a dream. Presently she saw that they were getting up steam, and, with a curious little pang at her heart, she saw the long, graceful vessel glide round and face the open sea. She watched it until it was out of sight. From the deck, a man with a great telescope glued to his eye kept her in sight until the last moment. Then he went down to his cabin and locked the door.

Like a good many other people who have never known what solitude means, Louise found the first few days almost refreshing in their complete novelty. She read and slept and walked—and finally yawned. At the end of a week she was bored.

Then the wonderful thing happened. She was awakened one morning by the sound of guns. She jumped out of bed, and, throwing on a dressing-gown, stepped on to the piazza. A strange yacht was in the bay; below, in a sheltered spot near the beach, some men were busy erecting a couple of tents. Louise dressed hastily and went outside. Peters was there, looking at the yacht in amazement.

"What does this mean, Peters?" she asked. "Who are these people who have landed here?"

"I have no idea, Ma'am," he answered. "I was just going down to see."

"We will go together," Louise said.

On the beach, three or four sailors were busy erecting a tent. Another man was bending over an oil cooking-stove. There were several others standing about with guns under their arms. Louise stood upon a hillock, looking down. She raised her voice and addressed them. Louise's voice, even when it was raised, was not a terrifying sound, but her few words fell like a bombshell amongst the little group.

"May I ask what you are doing here? You are, perhaps, not aware that this island is private property?"

A dozen faces were turned towards her in blank amazement. Then several caps were furtively raised. A tall, dark man in tweed shooting-clothes and gaiters moved a step forward.

"We are really extremely sorry," he said. "We understood that the island was uninhabited. Mr. Curteis, to whom it belongs, I believe, gave us permission to shoot here. We are after grey geese."

"Did Mr. Curteis know that you were coming just now?" Louise asked, with a faint smile at the corners of her lips.

"I must admit that he did not," the spokesman of the party answered. "It was about this time last year that I told him we thought of yachting in these waters, and he gave me permission then to land here at any time I chose. My name is Lord Willerton. May I ask whom I have the pleasure of addressing?"

"I am Mrs. Curteis," Louise answered. "If my husband gave you permission to come here, that is, of course, quite sufficient. I have often heard him speak of you, Lord Willerton. Isn't that—why, how do you do, Mr. Hammersly?"

A tall, fair-haired young man suddenly started forwards with outstretched hand.

"Why, Mrs. Curteis," he exclaimed, "you surely cannot blame any of us for not recognising you for the moment! In any of the usual haunts of civilisation I don't think there is one of us here who would not have known you at once. But here—well, it is amazing!"

Louise smiled upon them all very sweetly.

"I suppose it is rather surprising," she remarked. "You see, I was a little bored, and I am trying the antidote of complete solitude."

"We have come, then, I am afraid, to spoil the cure," Lord Willerton said, with a smile. "Perhaps, after all, we shall be in the way. Say the word, Mrs. Curteis, and we will strike our tents and pack up."

"It is not," she murmured, "in the least necessary. I think—in fact, I am sure," she added, with a smile, "that I am very glad to see you all. Won't you let that nasty, smelly stove alone, and come and have breakfast with me?"

Willerton, who had been eyeing the stove with some apprehension, breathed a sigh of relief.

"My dear lady," he said, "if you are in earnest, we will come with pleasure. But there are five of us."

"I think," Louise answered, with a smile, "that Mrs. Peters can find us enough to eat."

She led the way to the bungalow, Willerton and Hammersly on either side. Several times she laughed—quite irrelevantly. Her husband's scheme was really working out very curiously. She found herself suddenly taking part in a comedy—a comedy which had in it, too, all the elements of graver things.

Curteis himself was suffering from a most profound dejection and weariness of spirits. London was empty, his Club a desert. Wherever he went, he carried with him the memory of that wan little figure perched so daintily upon the rock in the midst of that island of desolation. Perhaps, after all, his scheme would only make things worse. She would never forgive him. When the time came for him to fetch her, she would pour forth upon him all the pent-up indignation of the last month. He shuddered at the thought—he, who at that moment was hungering for a sight of her, the touch of her fingers, her lips, the sound of her voice. In a week the time which he had fixed would be up. In a week he would know his fate.

A man came in, bronzed and sunburnt, who greeted him cheerily. Curteis at that moment was glad to see anybody.

"How are you, Robertson?" he said. "Been up North?"

The new-comer, who was settling himself down in an easy-chair, shook his head.

"I've been yachting with Willerton and Hammersly. By-the-bye, when I left them, they were just off to some desert island of yours, up in the North Sea somewhere, to shoot grey geese. Hammersly said you gave them permission last year. I should have been there myself, but my leave was up."

The paper which Curteis had been holding slipped through his fingers. He leaned a little forward in his chair. His face was white and strained.

"How—how long ago—when did you leave them?"

"Tuesday week," Robertson answered. "They were within a day's steam of the place then. I fancy they expected to get there Wednesday evening. Hammersly said that he had no idea whether you had any buildings on the place or not, so they took tents."

Curteis moistened his lips. They seemed unaccountably dry.

"Willerton and Hammersly," he said, hoarsely. "Who else?"

"Franks and Appleby, and a chap of no particular account—I've forgotten his name," Robertson answered, looking curiously over the top of his paper at Curteis. "Rather a warm lot. I'm not a prig, but I found them just a trifle too advanced for my taste. Willerton showed up shockingly in that Wardlaw suit. I don't wonder at his going away somewhere for a time. You off?"

Curteis left the room abruptly. In the hall he sent a telegram to the captain of his yacht. Afterwards, with shaking fingers, he took down a Bradshaw and began to study it. In an hour he was on his way North.

"Let's turn in," Hammersly said, yawning. "It's evidently no good waiting for Willerton. He's up spooning the little Curteis woman, and Lord knows what that'll lead to!"

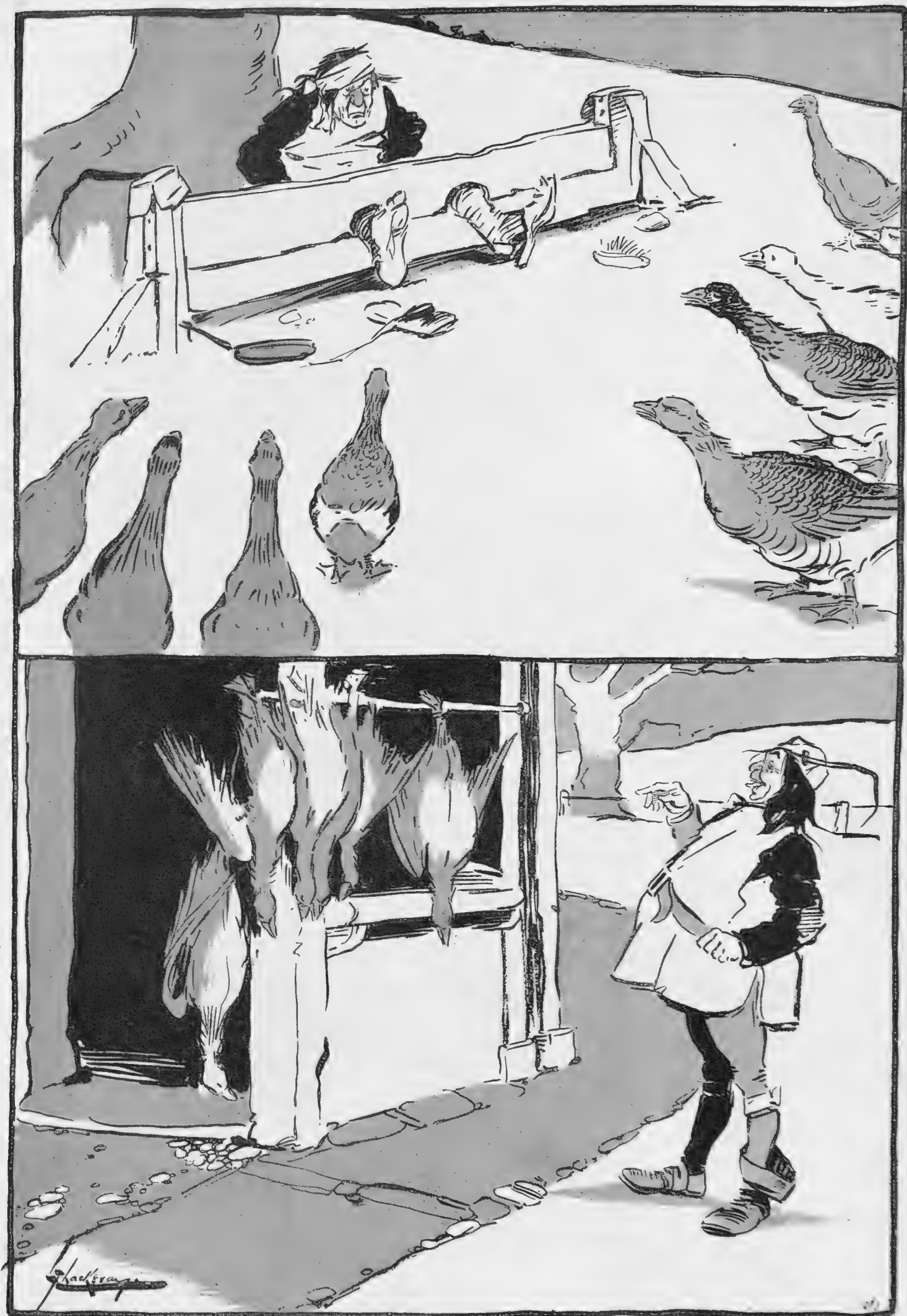
"What's that?" one of the other men asked, suddenly sitting up.

They all listened. The measured beat of oars came to them through the darkness. A moment later they heard the scrunching of a boat's keel upon the beach. Hammersly pointed to a light about half-a-mile out.

"There's a yacht anchored there," he remarked. "Must have come in since it got dark. I wonder who on earth it can be. I hope to God it isn't Curteis," he went on, nervously. "Willerton's making a perfect ass of himself with that little woman."

They heard the sound of footsteps on the beach. A man was passing the camp on his way to the bungalow. Hammersly sprang up.

"If it's Curteis," he muttered, "there'll be murder. Hallo there!" he shouted. "Who's that?"



"HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST."

DRAWN BY LANCE THACKERAY.

The footsteps stopped at once. Hammersly lit the two lanterns which hung from the tent-poles. They burnt steadily in the windless air, and almost immediately a dark figure stepped into the little circle of light.

"Curteis, by all that's amazing!" Hammersly exclaimed, with well-assumed heartiness. "Hope you don't think we're taking an infernal liberty camping here? Robertson said that you gave him permission some time ago, and, by Jove, we've had wonderful sport! Johnson, bring out the whisky and some glasses."

Curteis shook his head. His eyes were travelling round the little circle, as though seeking for someone.

"You are perfectly welcome here," he said, shortly. "By-the-bye, where's Willerton?"

Hammersly also glanced around carelessly.

"Somewhere about," he answered. "I fancy he's turned in. I heard him say that he was very tired."

There was a moment's silence. Hammersly's heart sank, for in the dim light he watched the sudden fire blaze in his questioner's eyes—heard the quick, sobbing breath which kept him speechless. Then Curteis moved a step forward, and the words seemed to leap from his lips—quick, tense things.

"Show me Willerton's tent."

"My dear fellow," Hammersly drawled, "don't disturb him at this hour of night. I remember now that he was complaining of a headache."

"Oh, go to hell!" Curteis suddenly exclaimed. "Stand out of the way!"

Hammersly was whizzed backwards, for Curteis was a strong man, and Hammersly little more than a boy. He caught up one of the lanterns and lifted the flap of each tent. Then, without a word, he dashed the lantern upon the ground.

"If you dare to follow me," he said to Hammersly, "you or any of the others, I will shoot you like a dog."

The bungalow was sheltered from the wind by a grassy knoll. Curteis, though every drop of blood in his body went tingling through his veins in a wild fever, walked stealthily, and finally sank on his knees. He was within a few feet of the broad piazza, and there, pressed against the side of the wall, his straining eyes saw plainly the figure of a man.

The seconds suddenly expanded. The man whose heart was wrung with hideous fears seemed unconsciously to become possessed of a wonderful grip upon his thoughts, the mental clearness of a dying man. She was so dear to him, this dainty little woman, with her endearing ways, her delicate mannerisms, her quaint, almost wistful beauty. And it was his fault if Hell had come to her; his own stupendous folly. He remembered his courtship, all the shyness of her wonderful girlhood, afterwards the admiration she had everywhere excited, the burden of his own silence and aching heart. He ought to have been frank with her, have taken her into his arms and pleaded for the old days together. And, instead, he had let her go her own way, had grown colder and more silent, and let other men say the things which, after all, she might have cared to have heard from him. And now there had come the agony of this moment, this moment of dumb, midnight silence, broken only by the low thunder of the sea rolling in upon the stones below. Curteis felt his self-possession going. He must call out. In a moment . . .

He held his breath. The man on the piazza had moved. He was tapping upon the window, which all the while had remained dark and unresponsive. Still silence. The man leaned over and tapped again. Curteis' finger-nails were buried in the soft ground and there was blood upon his lips. A blind had been drawn up, the window was open. Louise stood there, a slim white figure.

"Who is that?" she asked, quietly.

Willerton laughed softly.

"At last," he murmured, stepping forward. "Louise!"

His arm touched her, but she evaded him.

"You, Lord Willerton. How dare you come here! How dare you knock at my window!"

The man's hot whisper came like the muffled singing of a night-insect to Curteis' ears.

"A man dares a great deal, Louise, for the woman he loves. All these days you have been cruel to me. You will not speak to me alone. I could not sleep and think that you were here, only a few yards off. I had to come."

Again he leaned over as though to embrace her, and again she evaded him.

"You knocked at my window—to tell me this!"

His voice sank so low that Curteis caught only the passionate murmur of his pleading tones. He tried to take her into his arms. For the third time she stepped back.

"Lord Willerton," she said, "you talk about a man daring a great deal for the woman he loves. You have dared a good deal indeed, but it is I who am to pay. Do your friends know where you are? What do they think?"

"They think that I have gone for a stroll. I——"

"Liar! Coward!" she exclaimed, leaning suddenly towards him.

"Listen! You and your friends will leave this island before sunrise to-morrow. I hope to God that I may never meet you or any of your kind again. Go!"

She would have slammed the window, but he caught it.

"No, by heavens, I won't!" he exclaimed, suddenly thrusting his hand upon her mouth. "I—— Good God, Louise!"

There was a sharp report, a puff of smoke, and he sprang back with a little cry of terror. Louise stood once more in the window, and the steel of a revolver glittered in her hand.

"I am not quite foolish enough," she said, quietly, "to open my window to such a man as you without being prepared to defend myself. You and your friends wondered the other day why I practised with my revolver for half-an-hour a-day. Now you know."

Lord Willerton had at least breeding.

"Madam, I congratulate your husband," he said. "I perceive that you are in earnest. You have deceived—a good many people."

He turned and walked into Curteis' arms.

Half-an-hour later, Curteis strode into the little camp and flung upon the ground a soft, groaning burden.

"I've brought you Willerton back," he said, shortly. "Don't speak to me, Hammersly. If I find a single one of you on this island after sunrise to-morrow morning, I'll shoot you without further warning."

He turned on his heel and disappeared amongst the shadows. But he did not return to the bungalow. It seemed to him the bitterest part of it all that he had not even been able to help her. She had fought her own battle and won; but, God help him, it was he who had exposed her to it! She would never forgive him. It was impossible.

He wandered on to the seashore and sat upon the rock where only a few weeks ago he had expounded his miserable scheme to her. There were faint signs of coming dawn across the waters—a chilly wind had sprung up, and he shivered. Suddenly he started. Louise, hatless, but with a great fur mantle wrapped around her, was sitting by his side.

"I don't think much of your experiment, Dick," she said, quietly.

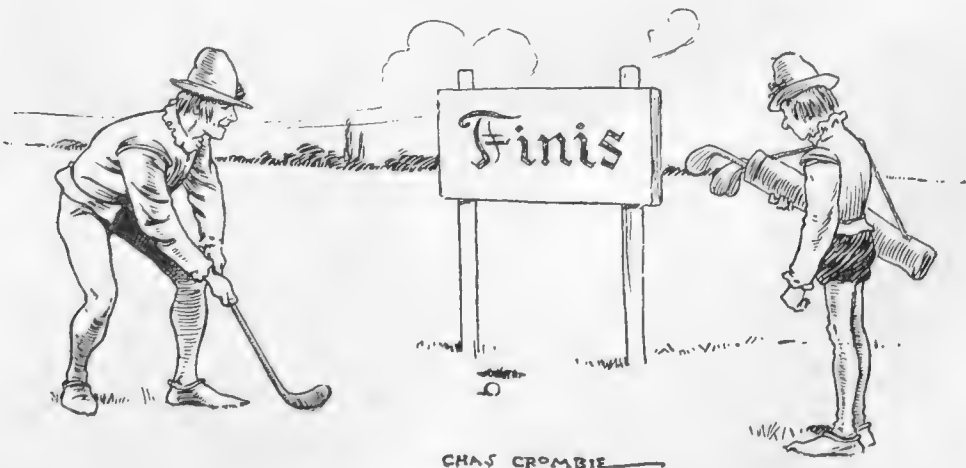
He was so staggered by her presence that for the moment he was speechless. Then, something in the faint smile with which she was regarding him loosened his tongue.

"Louise," he exclaimed, "you can't forgive me! Oh, you never can! I have been the biggest brute in the world."

"I might try," she murmured. "I have learnt one thing, at least: that a husband is a very useful person. Did you hurt him very much, Dick?"

"He is alive," he answered.

"I don't think I like—other men quite so much, Dick," she whispered, nestling up to him. "Don't dare to ever boast about your experiment, but I think—if you would carry me up to the bungalow: my slippers are cut all to pieces on these rocks and I am very cold—I might try—I might try, I said— Oh, Dick!"





SNAKE-CHARMER: This one isn't half so dangerous as the other.
 INTERVIEWER: Really! And—er—where is the other?
 SNAKE-CHARMER (*yawning*): I don't quite know.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE CURLEW MOUNTAIN.



R. P. GOSSOP

High up the Curlew Mountain I watched
the grey mists creep;
The eyes of every farm-house were shut
and dark in sleep,
No smoke from any hearth-place, no lamp
in any bawn:
My eyes upon the mountain, I sat and
watched for dawn.

Along the Curlew Mountain a sheep-track
runs, I know,
A blind track and a baffling, and there the
fairies go
When Beltane brings the hawthorn or
Saman brings the red,
Dim morns, and frosty evenings that restless
make the dead.

Up to the Curlew Mountain I looked if I
might see,
In waving of a mist-wreath or bowing of
a tree,
Hint of the fairies' coming, with feadan and
with song,
To make the midnight merry and call the
dawn along.

Along the Curlew Mountain at last I saw
them come;
The eyes of me were drowned to see, the
lips of me were dumb.
The green flag flew above them, and each
one wore the green,
And there myself was with them, the girl
that I had been.

Along the Curlew Mountain I watched them
riding swift,
I, bowed beneath the burden no fairy hand
can lift,
The load of love and sorrow, rose up and
kissed my hand
To my old self with the fairies riding back
to Fairyland.

NORA CHESSEON.



"WINTER SPORT."

DRAWN BY LEONARD LINSDELL.

A TRAGI-COMEDY IN NINE ACTS.



MR. SPOONDYKE'S HOME-MADE GRAMOPHONE.

DRAWN BY CHARLES L. POTT.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



BY the time this issue of *The Sketch* is published—and if the now again fashionable habit of postponement does not “intervene”—Mr. Beerbohm Tree will have produced “The Darling of the Gods.” From what I have already witnessed at His Majesty’s of the preparations for this “Japroduction,” as would-be wags call it, I know that, however the play itself may strike the

important novelists. Among these are adaptations of, respectively, Charles Reade’s great romance, “The Cloister and the Hearth”; George Meredith’s noble story, “The Ordeal of Richard Feverel”; Sir Conan Doyle’s absorbing detective narrative, “The Sign of Four”; and Thackeray’s Queen Anne period *tour-de-force*, “Esmond.”

“Esmond,” of course, has been adapted before, notably for Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, who, however, seemed afraid of it; for Mr. Hare, who has not yet presented his version; and for Mr. Edward Compton, who, if I remember rightly, appeared as Henry Esmond, “late a Colonel in Her Majesty’s Foot,” in the provinces a few times. Dramatisations of “The Cloister and the Hearth” and of “The Ordeal of Richard Feverel” have been threatened periodically. There *was* a time when Mr. Henry Hamilton was credited with having adapted both stories.

Another instance of the grouping of theatrical ventures into batches, as it were, may be seen in the fact that several of our most popular younger actors have just now their respective eyes upon Shaksperian tragedies. Thus, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Martin Harvey, and Mr. George Alexander have from time to time lately had visions of appearing as Romeo, and, after that, as Hamlet the Dane. To these Hamlets you may also expect one day to add Mr. H. B. Irving, who, it is not generally known, some few years ago essayed this complex character in the provinces, and, as Mr. Gilbert says of a certain deed of the Peers of the Realm in “Iolanthe,” “did it very well.” Mr. Irving’s distinguished father was about the same age when he first attempted Hamlet, at Manchester, little thinking, ambitious though he was, that he would, some fourteen years later, be responsible at the Lyceum for the record run of “Hamlet,” two hundred nights!

Concerning coming Romeos, however, I may mention that the first to appear will be Mr. Charles Lauder, who recently gave so



MISS FLORENCE JAMIESON

(PHOEBE IN “JACK AND THE BEANSTALK,” AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, GLASGOW).

public, the *mise-en-scène* will prove to be the most ambitious thing of the kind ever attempted even by Mr. Tree. At the moment of writing, this splendid character-actor appeared to be revelling in the opportunities of dramatic contrast, to say nothing of the chances for expressing sardonic humour, afforded him in the character of the cat-like Kak Kuri, the War Minister who works such woe to the enthusiastic but eventually entrapped Prince Kara and his fair but sometime foolish Jap sweetheart, Yo San. As Kara, that handsome young actor Mr. Basil Gill has, perhaps, the best acting part he has had since he played the brave young convert, Vinicius, in Mr. Wilson Barrett’s adaptation of Sienkiewicz’s powerful early Christian story, “Quo Vadis?” As the heroine, Yo San, who is condemned to spend a thousand years or so in the Terrible Underworld of Torment (as it is according to the Japanese), Miss Lena Ashwell has plenty of scope for that pathetic and heart-wringing intensity for which she has become celebrated.

I find that, although Mr. Tree has either ready or being prepared for him sundry new plays of more or less tragic or poetic import, he will—as I long ago surmised—in all probability select for his next production Mr. Comyns Carr’s specially arranged adaptation of the nowadays much-decried Dickens’s melodramatic story, “Oliver Twist.” In this Mr. Tree proposes to play Fagin, and to cast Miss Ashwell for Nancy and Mr. Oscar Asche for Bill Sikes, the character in which Sir (then merely Mr.) Henry Irving made one of his earliest histrionic triumphs. Ah me! that was thirty-five years ago, and the Fagin, I remember, was the late John Ryder; the Dodger, my unhappily still incapacitated old friend, Mr. John L. Toole; Beadle Bumble, Mr. Lionel Brough; and Oliver, Miss Henrietta Hodson, now Mrs. Henry Labouchere.

I have before now mentioned in *The Sketch* the strange fact that new productions often seem to fall into family groups, as it were. Once more I have to adduce examples of this. In addition to the above-named Dickens drama contemplated by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, I have just received tidings of several other dramatisations of certain works of

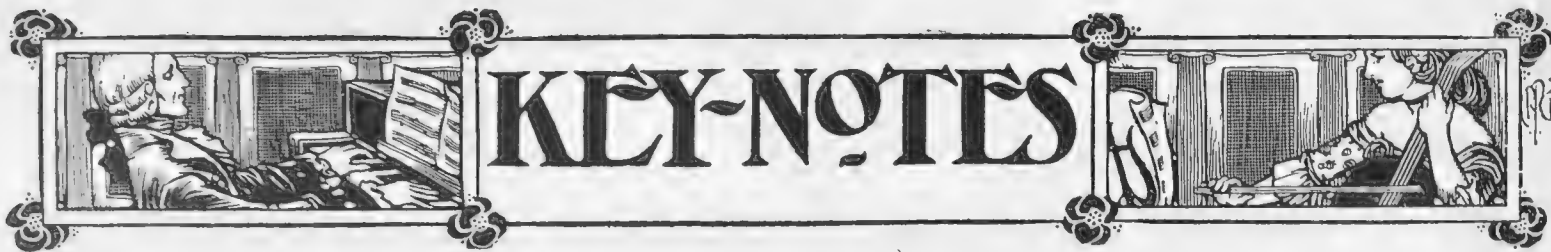


MISS GEORGIE CORLASS

(PRINCIPAL BOY IN “ALADDIN,” AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, NOTTINGHAM).

Photograph by Debenham and Co., York.

picturesque an impersonation of the love-sick Ferdinand in “The Tempest,” at the Court. Mr. Lauder will revive “Romeo and Juliet” at that theatre early in February, with the beautiful Mrs. J. H. Leigh (the recent Miranda) as Juliet and Mr. J. H. Leigh (the late Caliban) as the sententious but well-meaning Friar Laurence.



IT was a very happy idea on the part of those responsible for the last Broadwood Concert to engage the Oratory Choir (under Mr. Arthur Barclay's direction) at the St. James's Hall. It was strange indeed in a London concert-room to hear works by such composers as Vittoria and Palestrina. The first musician was represented by his Motet, "Jesu, dulcis memoria," and Palestrina's "Exaltabo Te" was also given. If it be more splendid to give a very great work perfectly than a work which is not quite so great with equal perfection, then it may be said that the Palestrina interpretation was finer than that of the Vittoria: yet both were wonderful. The wonderful quality of the boys' voices and the extraordinary sentiment and beauty of emotion with which both these classical works went were fresh and pure experiences in a modern world of music; despite the immense orchestral strides of modern times, perfect beauty was here, as we have said, absolutely fulfilled.

At the same concert, Mr. Donald Francis Tovey and Mr. Charles Draper played Mr. Tovey's Sonata for Pianoforte and Clarinet, the programme containing the information that Mr. Tovey, "as time passes, looms larger and larger in the public eye." The Sonata, however, is extremely disappointing, is very often pretentious without being significant, and is of exaggerated technical complexity without much beauty. His work is ambitious enough, but he does not possess

the originality which can be described as continuing the music, say, of Wagner at the point where that great composer left off; yet thus his place was defined for us in the programme of the concert. Mr. Tovey is modern in so far that he attempts to explain his musical meaning in a somewhat novel manner, but Richard Strauss stands so many miles ahead of this discipleship that one rather fancies it will take both Mr. Tovey and, as the programme has it, "many young composers" a great many years before they catch up to the line of the modern German artist.

This reminds one of a singularly curious article which recently appeared, ostensibly on the subject of Hector Berlioz. The writer, who has a profound antipathy to Berlioz, has even a greater antipathy to the modern English school of writing. At all times attacking such names as Mackenzie, Parry, and Stanford, as this writer has done in the past, he does so once more on this occasion in his attempt to show how little Berlioz really did for the art of music. He seems to be divided as to whether he shall attack more virulently Berlioz or the modern Englishmen; the Frenchman, he finally seems to say, is worthy of all dispraise, but the Englishmen are a good deal worse. For other Englishmen and for other Germans he has an equally impassive attitude of hostility. Strauss is impossible, just as Berlioz is impossible, and he makes the most remarkable declaration,

that Elgar, absolutely personal and English as he is, is to all intents and purposes a German. It would be waste of time to comment upon such an extraordinary jumble as this is; but the fact remains that all musicians are practically combined at this time to do honour to Berlioz, and that anybody who knew anything whatever of Elgar's later work should understand that it is as much German as it is Italian; that is to say, neither. It only remains to add that in the same article Italy is described as the Land of Song; and this from one who, a few years ago, was for ever pelting at the shibboleths of mid-Victorian musical criticism!

Mr. Vert has made arrangements for Yvette Guilbert (*mirabile dictu!*) to give a series of her well-known recitals at the Bechstein Hall on the following dates: Monday afternoon, May 16; Wednesday afternoon, May 18; Thursday evening, May 19; Friday afternoon, May 20; Wednesday afternoon, May 25; Thursday evening, May 26; Friday afternoon, May 27; Monday afternoon, May 30. Mr. Vert will make a special feature at these recitals of a book of words with the translation of the various songs given by Mlle. Yvette Guilbert. Many people at the previous recitals, not understanding French, missed some important points, as was natural, and the book of words will do away with this difficulty. One wonders how the translations will deal with certain lines one wots of which belong peculiarly to the *argot* of Paris.

COMMON CHORD.

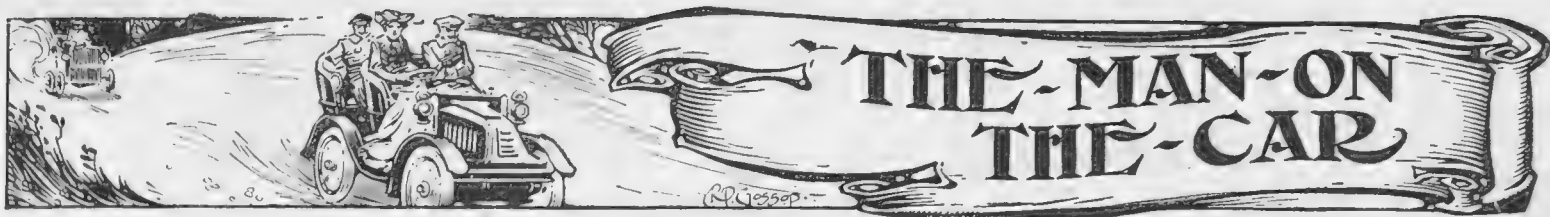
"LITTLE MISS NOBODY," AT THE COURT.

It is not often that a performance by amateurs reaches such a high level of excellence as did those of "Little Miss Nobody" given under the direction of Mr. Augustus Bingham at the Court Theatre a few days ago. People who purchased tickets mainly with the desire to benefit the Chelsea Royal Victoria Hospital for Children must have felt that they had received double value for their money, since the principals enacted their parts with skill little inferior to that of our leading professionals, while the other members of the cast were thoroughly efficient. Miss Viola Hubbard, in the title-rôle, sang sweetly and gave an excellent performance, while Miss Trixie McGeoch danced daintily as Maggie and Miss Daisy McGeoch delighted the audience as Trixie Triplet. Indeed, where all were praiseworthy, it is somewhat invidious to make a selection, but a word should be said for Mr. J. A. Bleackley, whose Christopher Potter was an exceedingly amusing impersonation and greatly pleased visitors to the Court.



THE PRINCIPALS IN "LITTLE MISS NOBODY," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

THE PERFORMANCES WERE GIVEN IN AID OF THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.



Policemen as Time-keepers—Carnival in the Bay of Monaco—The Motor Volunteers—Registration—Sprags.

IN divers places there are more than welcome signs that the less prejudiced of the Magisterial Benches are growing somewhat weary of the persistent police perjury, with regard to automobile speed upon the highway, which accompanies every prepared motoring case they have brought before them. No less than three cases which

method of propulsion. Premiums of ten per cent. on the amount of the prizes awarded will be distributed among the boat and motor-builders of the successful craft.

Major-General Sir J. G. Hildyard, K.C.B., was greatly impressed by the services rendered by the motor-cyclists during the late manoeuvres, and testified to the excellent work done by the single-gauge automobile in carrying the orderly or orderlies attending automobile-conveyed officers. This welcome encouragement was made public at the late dinner of the Motor Volunteer Corps, whereat Lieutenant-Colonel Mark Mayhew presided and Sir J. G. Hildyard was the guest of the evening. But for use in the field, or, at least, upon the roads intersecting a theatre of war or manoeuvres, the engine generally fitted to motor-cycles must be silenced to a much greater extent than those one is accustomed to encounter upon the road.

Now that car registration and drivers' licences are uppermost in the minds of most automobilists, it is interesting to learn that the Motor-Car Bureau and Exchange, of 100, Long Acre, W.C., are willing to take all the trouble of obtaining the necessary papers and taking out the registration and licences for any car-owner for the nominal fee of five shillings. All that is necessary is to acquaint them with the number of cars to be registered and the driving licences required. They do the rest, and, it is to be hoped, see to it that all the registrations that pass through their hands are made with a motorphile County Council.

I have never favoured trailing sprags, by which I would be understood to mean the fork-ended rods which are dropped to trail noisily upon the surface of the road when a car is being driven up a steep hill. They are usually so placed that, if the car is of any weight and takes charge backwards, the sprag is frequently overridden, and then, with failing brakes, the car is committed to her backward and downward career, and is only to be saved from mishap by a cool head and clever steering.

MILITARY BALLOONING.

Several members of the Aéro Club visited Aldershot recently, accompanied by Comte de la Vaulx, Director of Ballooning to the French Army. Colonel Templer received the party and conducted it over the Military Balloon Factory, and, later in the afternoon, took it to the Long Valley, where a balloon section of the Royal Engineers gave a demonstration, filling and sending up a war-balloon in a very short space of time—about seventeen minutes. Comte de la Vaulx made an ascent, and afterwards the balloon was liberated, Lieutenant Broke-Smith, R.E., and Mr. Frank Butler, Aéro Club, being in the car.



MILITARY BALLOONING AT ALDERSHOT.

Photograph by Gale and Polden, Aldershot.

were lately heard before Benches hitherto regarded as more motor-phobist than otherwise have gone against the professional prosecutors, and have been dismissed in a manner which should have suggested to the "intelligent officers" that the Bench, at least, regarded them as ignorant of the first practical principles of truth. Clearly it is at last dawning upon the light and leading of the Great Unpaid that either these constabulary *chronomètres* are utterly unskilful, or that, to save trouble, they just set their cheap German chronographs to show the desired time and then coolly swear that every car they hold up has covered the measured distance in that particular number of seconds. Over and over again, drivers have known themselves to be within the limits of a trap and have purposely crawled through, only to have the monotonous and tiresome lie of "Twenty-one and a-half miles a hour, yer Worship," sworn to in the box with the sweet serenity of saintship. But even Justices of the Peace are becoming tired of the men, their method, and their formula; hence the dismissals.

In the "Sunny South" the Easter holidays will be remarkable for a big Motor-launch Racing Carnival in the Bay of Monaco, when something over £4000 will be offered in prizes. The Bay, with its new sea-wall and the landward protection afforded by the mountains, cannot be bettered as a scena for such a regatta, and the eight-mile course which is to be marked out on the blue waters of the Mediterranean will assuredly prove all that could be desired for the purpose. The regatta will be preceded by an exhibition of motor-boats, to commence on March 10 next, an entry-fee of four pounds covering the show and also entries for competition in any of the classes. Entries, with fee, must reach the office of the official journal, *L'Auto*, 10, Faubourg Montmartre, Paris, by a date yet to be published. The series of competitions will include every kind of boat and



SAFETY FOR LONDONERS: A NEW MOTOR HANSON-CAB.

Photograph by the Art Reproduction Company.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Telegraphists—Stakes—Ante-Post Betting—Horses for Courses.

NOW that the holiday meetings have been held, we are looking forward with keen interest to the issuing of the entries for the Spring Handicaps. These will be published on Jan. 7. I am told we may expect a good average, as the open winter has been much in favour of the older horses in training, and many of those that ran at Newmarket, Liverpool, Derby, and Manchester late in the autumn will, no doubt, be seen out again in the early spring. The Lincoln Meeting starts on March 21, and the Lincoln Handicap will be run on the following day. I hope, by-the-bye, that owners will enter their three-year-olds in this race. Only two three-year-olds were nominated last year, including *Our Lassie*, who started favourite but cut up badly. The Grand National will be run on March 25, and already people are saying that *Marpessa* cannot be beaten. He is only a six-year-old and may have to wait a year or two. I think *Ambush II.*, if not overburdened with weight, will carry the Royal colours very prominently in this race.

Mr. Fred Mason, who is about to retire from the Post Office, was for many years Superintendent in charge of the racing staff of telegraphists, who, by-the-bye, being so smart, are always in request when leading politicians make important speeches. Mr. Mason is a very old friend of mine, and, indeed, of all sporting journalists, who owe to him a lot for furthering their interests in the face of official red-tape. When I started tipping for races in an evening paper, it was not possible to get a wire from the course before ten in the morning. Now we can get all the work done by animals on the course, the arrivals, &c., by half-past eight, and it is possible to compile a fairly reliable list of runners by nine o'clock each morning. To perfect the latter feat it is necessary for the man on the course to receive telegrams from nearly all the training quarters advising him of departures. These have to be arranged under the different races before being telegraphed back to London. Mr. Mason always did his work conscientiously and he retires with the good wishes of all racing-men.

It seems that the amount of stakes won on the flat in 1903 amounted to over half-a-million, but anything can be proved by figures. The bed-rock fact still has to be faced that owners, in the main, have to race for their own. Year in and year out, we see owners come and go, having lost a lot of money in trying to add to their fortunes by owning horses. In the meanwhile, the racegoer's expenses are still growing; so are the dividends of those racecourses that do

not come under the new ten-per-cent. limit. It is only fair, however, to add that the racecourse companies that pay the best dividends devote the biggest amount in stakes. I think, however, it is necessary to sound a note of warning, as I am told that some of the owners are intent on making the big-dividend-earning companies disgorge. For my own part, I would rather see the ring-charges lowered, as I do think the Club members have a great advantage over the frequenters of Tattersall's Ring. Further, I think the Stewards of the Jockey Club should insist on covered stands being provided in the cheap rings on all racecourses in England.

I am told that ante-post betting is almost as dead as the dodo, and no wonder, seeing the cramped prices that are on offer. It will scarcely be believed that before the entries are out for the Spring Handicaps no more than 25 to 1 is offered on the field for next year's Lincoln Handicap, while 16 to 1 on the field is the best offer for the Grand National and 25 to 1 on the field is the top price for the City and Suburban. It is not long odds against the winners of each race starting at longer prices than those I have quoted, and backers should not hurry themselves to accept cramped prices. One thing is certain: owners will wait and work their commissions at the post in the future unless the bookmakers are more liberal in their ante-post books, and no one could blame them for doing so.

Owners are now beginning to find out that some horses will not act on certain courses. The short tracks, five and six furlongs, at Brighton and Epsom are suited to rogues and non-stayers, while the Sandown five-furlong course takes a lot of doing and it requires a stout two-year-old to win a race here early in the season. The Lincoln Handicap mile is a very easy one, and that accounts for this race having often been won by a five-furlong sprinter. The Gatwick course is dead-flat and is very stiff. The Hurst Park track is not a difficult mile, though the finish is a hard one, which will account for the number of horses that are beaten on the post. The finish at Ascot is uphill, although many people do not know this. I like the Goodwood course better than any, if I except the starting for the Stewards' Cup. I think this could easily be remedied by shifting the course at the starting-point twenty yards to the left. The track at Kempton is almost perfect, if we except the bend on the round course, but that is nothing like so acute as the public have been led to believe. The Lingfield five-furlong track is fairly easy.

CAPTAIN COE.



OXFORD UNIVERSITY AND TRINITY COLLEGE (DUBLIN) RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAMS.
THESE TEAMS COMPETED AT DUBLIN ON DEC. 21, TRINITY WINNING BY TWELVE POINTS TO THREE.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IT needs no forests of turkeys, or wildernesses of "prime beef," or rivulets of sausages, or great pyramids of plum-puddings to announce at Christmas-time that the Briton is a mighty eater! Heredity and hundreds of years of hungry forbears have developed the national appetite into a chief characteristic. Were proof of the Englishman's gastronomic possibilities wanted, the inquiring collector of statistics would have found it in the shop-windows last week. Heroic haunches of venison, Homeric turkeys—fattened, we are now cheerfully told, by the arsenic method—all this and more, very much more, go to make the Anglo-Saxon holiday. For those who can afford to eat, be it understood, while those who cannot—and they are many, alack, in this city of hungry slums and disreputable backwaters—must go without.

In the midst of plenty it seems hard that many must starve, and the wise folk who puzzle out the question of supply and demand will tell us that it needs must be so. But all this notwithstanding, each one who is well supplied with the good things of this planet is given the power of alleviating somewhat many small miseries that come within his ken, and it is a useful thought to remember that in this world of ups-and-downs, we may—who knows?—be sometime glad of the help we now extend to others. The Egyptians were wise men of old, and no croakers either, because they realised facts and put a skull on the festive board. We of this decadent generation turn thought out of doors and live in the headlong moment. The plan was tried by other peoples in other times. How it answered is matter of history. How it will answer again will also come to be written.



A CHARMING ARRANGEMENT OF CLOTH AND CARACUL.

Meanwhile, the perennial question of how to be beautiful and retain the attractions of youth once more comes before the hopeful and attentive Eternal Feminine. Mrs. Adair, whose salons at 90, New Bond Street, and 5, Rue Cambon, Paris, are the centres of many achievements, writes fluently of the super-marvellous effects of her

specialities on the female face and form. So much so that, on glancing over her capably written book, one is consumed with the desire of beauty and eager to learn from the authoress's lectures on "Scientific Physical Beauty Culture" how the fatal gift may be



A USEFUL EVENING-CLOAK.

immediately achieved. Special exercises are shown which tend to develop the curve and outline of the neck; for instance, "strapping massage" in conjunction with "Eastern Oil." For the face, massage of a particular kind has been introduced by Mrs. Adair, together with applications of "Diable Tonic," "Parisian Neige Cream," and "Eastern Powder," the secrets of which potent preparations were imparted to Mrs. Adair by no less a personage than a real live Indian fakir. In a word, anyone who wishes to cultivate the gentle art of beauty should consult Mrs. Adair as to the means and method. Her condiments are unimpeachable in their ingredients and astonishingly successful in results, hair, eyes, complexion, and development of figure being the points on which she is notably strong and for the care of which she has deservedly obtained a reputation in both London and Paris.

All that tends towards the embellishment of lovely woman seems now, as in all things, supremely important in the councils of the human family; therefore a book recently brought out by Messrs. Benson, of Ludgate Hill, treating firstly of the subject of jewellery, then of plate and dressing-bags extensively, will repay perusal. The title of the book is "Watches, Clocks, Jewels, Plate, and Bags." Three hundred pages of illustrations amply and aptly reproduce the more important part of Messrs. Benson's stock, and, as a useful help to those casting about for birthday, wedding, or other seasonable gifts, the book, which is posted on application, will be found invaluable.

The rearing of infants has become a subject of importance in these days of population statistics, and, from the most approved and scientific patent foods to incubators, no means are left untried to make the

young idea shoot mentally and physically. Savory and Moore's Food for Infants has the stamp and seal of excellence set upon it by being the chosen and approved of Royal nurseries, the most recent to adopt it being the Court of Italy, which thus follows the precedent set by our English Court as well as Germany and Russia. What Royalty adopts may be safely cherished by the people, and so we may assume that a baby fed on Savory and Moore's Food is an immensely superior young person to the less fortunate imbibers of "other sorts" of nourishment!

Gastronomic literature has just received a useful addition in the arrival of a "Plasmon" cookery-book, which gives a number of recipes for dainty, nutritious, and economical dishes for every household. The book, which is published at one shilling, is posted free to anyone applying through this paper.

SYBIL.

Mr. George Grossmith gives his only Recital in London this season at the St. James's Hall under the direction of Mr. N. Vert (previous to his departure for America) on Monday afternoon, Jan. 4, when he will give his new sketch, "How to Succeed."

Notwithstanding the talk of the good old days of smuggled whisky (which, like most things of those good old times, was rather a myth), it stands to reason that the whisky of to-day must be very much superior, for then the whisky was hurriedly and imperfectly distilled, owing to dread of a visit from the Excise officers. It was also generally sent out new, whereas to-day the "White Horse Cellar" whisky is carefully matured in Bond in selected sherry-casks. None of the whisky is younger than seven years, some of it running up to an age of twelve to fourteen years.

"The House Annual" is not so widely known as it deserves to be, since, putting aside the laudable purpose for which it was initiated, its literary and artistic contents are of a very high order of merit. Among the writers in this year's Annual are "John Strange Winter," Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, Mr. F. T. Bullen, Mr. Guy Boothby, and the Editor himself (Mr. W. A. Morgan); while in the list of artists occur the names of "F. C. G.," Tom Browne, Fred Pegram, Gunning King, and John Hassall. Last year's edition had a wide circulation among members of the Stock Exchange, with the result that the Editor was able to forward some four hundred pounds to the Treasurer of the *Referee* Children's Dinner Fund. The Annual, which is well bound and tastefully got up, is published by Messrs. Gale and Polden, Limited, at the modest price of five shillings.

The Midland Railway Company has introduced a new and improved class of sleeping-car on its night Scotch trains. The cars are sixty feet long and nine feet wide, which is the maximum width available on English railways. This allows sleeping-berths to be arranged transversely, and also a corridor the full length of the vehicle for access to lavatories and other portions of the train. A smoking-compartment, with folding card-table, is provided, and particular care has been taken to ensure smooth running by reducing to a minimum all vibration and the tendency to roll when at high speed. The cars are built with a clerestory roof, thus rendering the compartments lofty and airy, and in winter are heated by steam-pipes, which can be regulated by the passengers. A complete installation of electric-bells is provided, and the vehicles are fitted with the new passenger communication, which applies the brake and can be pulled in any compartment. They are also lighted throughout by electricity.

For the benefit of those able to quit our damp and befogged climate for the clear and exhilarating atmosphere of the Riviera, a booklet daintily got up and issued by the Brighton Railway Company will be found of special interest. In it are set forth arrangements expressive of the acme of comfort for passengers, from the moment of leaving London until their particular one of the many charming spots upon the Côte d'Azur is reached. The improved connections with the train and steamboat services, the increased facilities in dining and sleeping cars, together with the accelerated speed and absence of vibration on the new turbine-steamer *Brighton*, all contribute successfully to reduce to a minimum the *ennui* of the long journey. The cost of a return-ticket for all this is ten pounds—a sum, one would think, sufficiently modest to attract a very wide circle of patrons. The little brochure is admirably printed and illustrated with some charming pictures, artistically reproduced in colour, of some of the "spots" *en route*.

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Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, in English money; by cheques, crossed "The Union Bank of London"; or by Post Office Orders payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD. 198, Strand, London.

NOTES FROM BERLIN.

THE engagement, which was formally announced last week, between the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and the Duchess Alexandra of Brunswick and Lüneburg, second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, has been received in Germany with a chorus of approving comment (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent). It is said to be a genuine love-affair, and as such it appeals strongly to the sentimental side of the Teutonic heart. But the projected alliance is welcomed mainly on account of its political importance, the belief being general that the parents of the bride would not have consented to the match if they had not been prepared to yield to their children the liberty to view historical events from the standpoint of a new generation. Doubtless the Duke and Duchess, whose silver-wedding day was rendered thus happy by the engagement of their daughter, will never render personal homage to the Prussian conquest, but they may well have concluded that it will be to the interest of their children to accept the inevitable and, by resigning all claim to the kingdom of Hanover, regain the Duchy of Brunswick on the basis of loyalty to the Empire. It has been widely noted that the festivities connected with the betrothal were attended by the aged King of Denmark, who, before his arrival at Gmünden, had spent several hours with the German Emperor at Potsdam, and by the dethroned Queen of Hanover. The German Emperor did not withhold his congratulations on the event. The bridal pair are both very young, the Grand Duke Friedrich Franz having been born on April 9, 1882, five months and three weeks before his *fiancée*.

The speech delivered at Hanover by the German Emperor in honour of the Jubilee of his Hanoverian regiments furnishes gratifying testimony to the recovery by His Majesty of his vocal powers; but it can surprise no one, even in Germany, to learn that his references to Waterloo have given rise to a certain amount of irritation in Great Britain. Most of us have heard of the Frenchman's astonishment on viewing Trafalgar Square and Waterloo Bridge. "What strange people the English are!" he exclaimed. "We French name our public places after victories, you English after defeats." The German cultivates a somewhat similar frame of mind. He speaks of Belle Alliance in preference to Waterloo, and contends, with some display of heat, that the British exaggerate their share in the defeat of Napoleon. A recent German historian of repute tells us solemnly that "Napoleon was crushed by Saxon tenacity and the furious onset of Prussian battalions, aided by a couple of English divisions." It is plain from this that German competition is seeking to oust us from the enjoyment of our historical as well as of our commercial conquests.

Christmas invades the great towns of Germany and Berlin in particular, as Macduff approached Dunsinane, behind a forest of trees. Many a square mile of young forest-land is denuded of its growth on the approach of the festive season. Even the members of the Jewish community celebrate the festival, and, with pious exceptions, sit on Christmas Eve around the toy-laden, brilliantly lighted family tree. Among the marvels of Christmas-time in Germany are the Berlin toy-shops, which are in reality gigantic warehouses with separate departments for trains, for boats, for drums, for musical instruments, and otherspecialities. How many boys, I wonder, have gazed in rapture at the magnificent imitation of the Orient Express which was on sale in several warehouses? Its price was thirty-five pounds—a sum to give pause even to wealthy parents with large families.

MR. FREDERIC NORTON.

Mr. Frederic Norton may be described as a unique drawing-room entertainer, since he writes, composes, sings, and even accompanies his own songs. A few days ago, Mr. Norton was commanded to Sandringham to sing to the King some of his (Norton's) quaint compositions, such as "Oh, Mr. Moon," "The Camel and the Butterfly," "The Elephant and the Portmanteau," "Madcap Marjorie," and other of his serious and humorous fancies. Mr. Norton was with Carl Rosa for some time, but now devotes himself entirely to work similar to that which he did in the presence of His Majesty.



MR. FREDERIC NORTON.

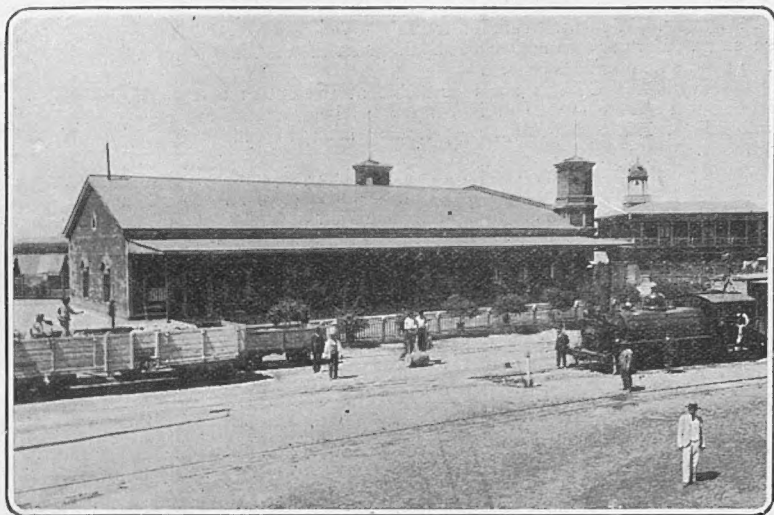
Photograph by Wagner, Carlshad.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 12, 1904.

1903.

"THE most unsatisfactory and unprofitable year in my recollection," said our friend The Jobber, in answer to the inquiry as to what he thought of the year of grace 1903 from a business point of view, and there can be little doubt that ninety-nine out of every hundred members of the Stock Exchange would give the



THE ANTOFAGASTA RAILWAY: ANTOFAGASTA STATION.

same answer. Nor is it only members of the Stock Exchange who have suffered; indeed, the most serious losers have been the holders of investment stocks, home rails, and other things of a like nature, which the world has been wont to look upon as beyond the reach of speculation or disaster.

"What does it matter to the man who holds high-class investment stocks as a source of income," we hear the "Man in the Street" ask, "whether his securities are ten points up or ten points down?" It is true that there is no more danger of default on Consols to-day than there was this time last year, or, in fact, when the premier security stood at 114; but, all the same, the drop is a serious matter to every big or little holder. One man wants to put a son out into the world, and he has to sell 25 per cent. more stock to do it than would have been necessary a few years ago; while yet another wants money to improve his estate or put down new plant in his business, and, because of present depression, puts off realisation. In every walk in life, and in every trade, the depreciation of securities acts unfavourably. It is of importance to the working-man who never owned an investment in his life, no less than to the well-to-do, who suffer directly from the diminution of their capital.

This being so, how do the figures stand? A glance at the following table will probably be more eloquent than any descriptive account of the unsatisfactory and unprofitable year we have gone through—

	Beginning of the year.	End of the year.
Consols	93	88½
London and County Council 3 per cent. Stock ..	98½	92
Indian 3 per cent. Stock	100½	96½
New South Wales 3 per cent. Stock	92	86½
Victoria 3 per cent. Stock	92	85½
Great Western Railway 4 per cent. Debentures ..	131	128
Egyptian Unified	107½	103½
Bank of England Stock	327	316

Nor must it be forgotten that the comparisons are made, not with a period of inflation, but with a date at which serious depression had been going on, to say the least of it, for more than a year.

HOME RAILS.

The bright hopes with which the year began have not been maintained. During the first half, the traffics were of the most encouraging nature, and, taken as a whole, it cannot be said that even in the last six months there is anything in the figures which would of itself account for the unsatisfactory prices now ruling. Let us examine a few of the quotations taken at random from the principal Investment and Deferred Stocks—

	Beginning of the year.	End of the year.
Brighton "A"	135½	127
Great Eastern Ordinary	90½	85½
Great Western	139	133
Lancashire and Yorkshire	108	98
Midland Deferred	68½	63½
North-Eastern	148½	136
North-Western	169	145½
South-Eastern Deferred	60	50½
South-Western	175½	150

From which our reader will see that even if the holders of Consols have suffered, the holders of home rails have suffered far more, and this despite the fact that the dividends will probably be better on the whole year than they were twelve months ago.

The truth is that not only have people begun to seriously understand that, considering the huge amount of the prior charges which must be met in any event, the yield which people had in the days of absurdly cheap money been willing to accept is far too low, but the increasing risks of electrification, legislation, and labour troubles have all become more apparent during the last twelve months. There is also the depressing fact that many new capital issues overhang the market, and the question of where the money to provide for further additions and improvements is to come from. Had proper betterments been paid out of income in prosperous times, the market would not be in its present state.

In a few days the full tale of traffics for the current half-year will have been published, and the first dividend declaration—probably that of the City and South London Railway—will be out very soon afterwards. Then come the announcements by the Southern lines, the "Heavies" following in a more leisurely way. But all these stocks are now what the market calls full of dividend, and yet the prices show little indication of responding to the enhanced value which they should thus acquire. It is the speculative varieties to which heed is being chiefly paid; the investor manifestly prefers to wait for the results of the present six months before he takes a hand in the markets. The recent rise in Dover "A" is probably due to repurchases by the bear brigade, but the improvement in Great Northern stocks has a more solid ground for its excuse, and this also applies to the better feeling that is apparent in the speculative Preferences of the Chatham Company.

Our own view of the situation is that there is room for a rise in stocks such as Great Westerns, but that even at present prices a purchaser who desires to put away home rails for the next ten years, and not to bother about them again, had better leave such stocks alone, for they are not the sort of thing such a person ought to deal in.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

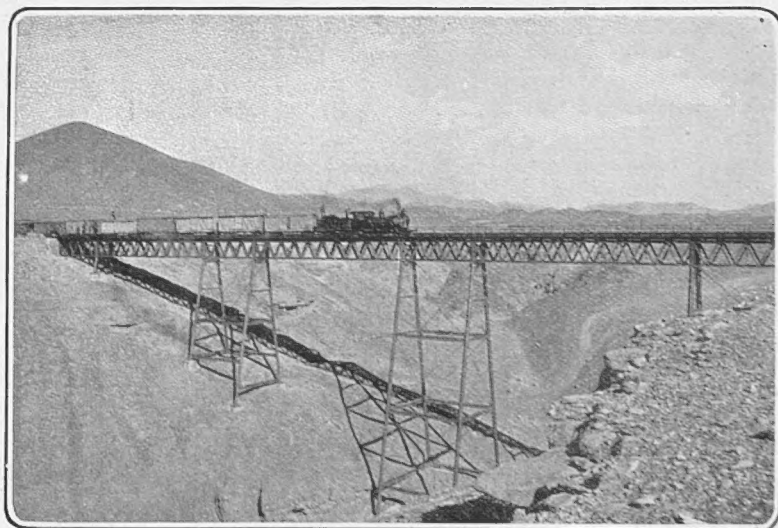
Thanks to the many rebuffs which the English investor has suffered from defaulting foreign States, this once favourite class of investment has fallen out of fashion in Capel Court, and, as a consequence, has suffered much less than those things which are dealt in almost exclusively on this market. If additional evidence were wanting that the chief cause of our present market troubles is the late War, the fact that English investors are least concerned with the only class of investment that has not been depressed is, to say the least of it, almost conclusive. Taken all round, it can be said that the holders of foreigners have gained rather than lost on the year's fluctuations, as a glance at the following table will show—

	Beginning of the year.	End of the year.
Argentine 1886-7	99½	101½
" Rescission	72½	80
Brazilian Funding	101	102
" Western of Minas	86½	88½
Chinese 1895	107	105
Greek Monopoly	44½	44½
Hungarian 4 per cent.	102½	101
Japanese 4 per cent.	89	80½
Mexican 5 per cent.	100½	102
Russian 3½ per cent.	95	95
Uruguay 3½ per cent.	56½	60

The Japanese fall is, of course, attributable to the Russian war scare, and, if we exclude this exceptional case, holders can point with pride to a fair average improvement.

YANKEES.

Neither the speculator nor the investor in Yankee Rails has had a quiet or satisfactory year; indeed, the market for the specialities of Wall Street has been in, if possible, a more unsettled and despondent state than that for the peculiarly European commodities. Of a surety, the year 1903 has stripped a great deal of the glory from the Pierpont Morgans and the Schwabs of American finance, and, we fear, not a little of their cash from the humbler followers of the great men.



THE ANTOFAGASTA RAILWAY: THE ANIL BRIDGE.

The following table tells even a more dismal tale than those which have preceded it in this article—

Stock.	Beginning of the year.	End of the year.
Atchison	85	69½
Baltimore and Ohio	100½	81
Milwaukee	182	147
Denver	40½	21½
Erie	36½	30½
Illinois Central	148	134
Louisville	129	109½
New York Central	156	122½
Missouri	26½	18½
Norfolk and Western	73½	59
Reading	33	23½
Southern Certificates	33½	21½
Union Pacific	102	80½

Space prevents us from enlarging this list, which any reader can see is representative of both sound investment stocks and gambling counters. In the Yankee Railway Market are also included for dealing purposes that great combination called the United States Steel Company, whose Common stock has dropped from 35½ to 11½, and whose Preference, carrying 7 per cent. interest, began the year at 87 and ends it at 56. English speculators have, perhaps, escaped from the downfall more easily than heretofore, because by hard experience many have learnt that Yankees are dangerous toys to play with, but, perhaps, even more because they have not had so much money to lose as in former times. The extraordinary prosperity of Canada has saved the holders of Grand Trunks from the fate which has overtaken most other people; but, despite huge traffic increases, they have little to congratulate themselves upon, for, with the exception of those lucky persons who had the junior securities of the Grand Trunk in their strong-boxes, the end of the year leaves them worse off than they started, and against small gains in Trunk Preferences must be set a twelve-point drop in Canadian Pacific Ordinary, despite its increased dividend.

INDUSTRIALS.

In the space at our disposal it would be quite impossible to give anything like a representative list of Industrial securities from which any reliable estimate of the trend of the market could be obtained. In this class of security so many circumstances come into operation, that the most which can be done is to examine one or two groups and make a general comparison of prices. To draw any general inferences from the drop in Nelsons or the collapse of Sweetmeat Automatics would be absurd.

Speaking generally, it can be said that the holders of Waterworks stocks have suffered considerably by the scare at the prospects of the Arbitration, but which is beginning to wear off. It seems to us probable that those persons who are willing to possess their souls in patience and await the end of the litigation, will probably not get less for their stock than the price ruling at the beginning of the year. The Iron and Coal group has kept very steady, and this, too, in the face of stories of falling trade and a shrinkage in prices about which there can be little doubt.

Breweries have suffered to some extent, and the various stocks are, speaking generally, lower than at the beginning of the year, the most serious fall being in City of London Ordinary, which have gone from 124 to about 80. The conditions of particular trades are so various that it is almost impossible to deal in any general and satisfactory way with this large and increasing section. One can only sum up the year's fluctuations by saying that, as heretofore, investors have had to take the risks of trade.

THE MINING MARKETS.

At the beginning of the year Kaffir hopes were high, but they have not been justified. In the outcrop mines the depreciation has not been serious, but the land section has suffered more seriously, as the following table will show—

	Beginning of the year.	End of the year.
Angelo	7½	6½
Crown Reef	17½	17½
Robinson	11½	9½
Simmer and Jack	1½	1½
Barnato Consolidated	3½	2½
East Rand Proprietary	8½	7½
Oceana	2½	1½

The Jungle section has suffered to a greater extent than Kaffirs, and the year ends up at about the lowest point, or almost so—

	Beginning of the year.	End of the year.
Gold Coast Agency	1½	5½
Gold Coast Amalgamated	5½	3½
Wassau	6	2½
Ashanti	17	16½

This review has been so consistently depressing that it is quite a pleasure to find one market, at least, in which the holders of good stocks can congratulate themselves on a fair all-round improvement. How considerable and universal the revival which the last few months has produced in the West Australian Market can be seen from the following table—

	Beginning of the year.	End of the year.
Associated	1½	2½
Great Fingall	6½	8½
Sons of Gwalia	1½	2½
Great Boulder	19s.	28s. 6d.
Ivanhoe	7½	9
Kalbarli	3½	5½

Among the Miscellaneous section, De Beers Deferred began the year at 22½ and end it at 20½. Mysore, which were 6½, are now 6½, Broken Hill Proprietary, which started at 27s. 6d., are now 3cs. 6d., and Rio Tinto have risen from 42 to 50.

Thursday, Dec. 24, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

M. D. DERBY.—We do not care for the Rhodesian shares and have little belief in the country. For our own money we should prefer the Kaffirs you mention, with one or two good outcrop mines as well.

INEXPERIENCE.—Consols are redeemable at the option of the Government in 1923, but there is no chance of redemption as long as they are below par. The so-called bank is a bill-of-sale, money-lending affair, to which we would not trust our money.

KRAD.—There is no market for the Refreshment Company's shares in London, and this was the principal reason why we advised against them. You had better sell and put your money in something with a free market.

M I D L A N D — R A I L W A Y.

NEW AND IMPROVED SLEEPING CARS

BETWEEN

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

NOW RUN ON THE FOLLOWING TRAINS—

	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	Midnight
LONDON (St. Pancras) ... dep.	7 30	8 30	9 30	12 0
Leicester	8K54	10 28	10JN35	2 0
Nottingham	9K25	9EM25	12 0	2K 0
Sheffield	9P32	11 47	12P35	1P58
Leeds	11 23	12 38	1F 50	4 5
Carlisle	1 30	2 50	4 15	6 25
Dumfries	3 50	5D14	7 9
Stranraer Harbour (for Belfast and North of Ireland)	5 47
Kilmarnock	5U26	6D29	8 24
Glasgow (St. Enoch)	6U10	7D 5	9 0
Edinburgh (Waverley)	3 50	...	6 45	12GB5
Dundee	5 28	...	9DA8	3GB37
Perth	5 15	...	8A55	3GB35
Inverness	9 30	...	1A 50	8GB40
ABERDEEN	7 20	...	11DA10	6GB 0

WEEK-DAYS.

SUNDAYS.

	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
ABERDEEN	5V30	7 45	...	3V30
Inverness	3 50	10V10
Perth	7 55	4V10
Dundee	7V30	9 35	...	5V30
Edinburgh (Waverley)	10 0	11 30	...	9 30
Glasgow (St. Enoch)	9 30	...	11 0	9 15	...
Kilmarnock	10 10	...	11 35	9 55	...
Stranraer Harbour (from Belfast and North of Ireland)	9 8
Dumfries	11 31	...	12C50	11 18	...
Carlisle	12 25	12 45	1C50	12W7	12W25
Leeds	2 52	3 10	4 10	2 35	2 52
Sheffield	4T 8	4 8	5S10	3T57	3 57
Nottingham	5T17	5 17	6Q 0	5T 1	5 1
Leicester	5 4	6DR57	6DQ57	4 50	6R57
LONDON (St. Pancras)	7 10	7 50	8 5	7 0	7 35

A—Sleeping Car to Edinburgh and Glasgow only on week-days, also to Dundee and Aberdeen on Sunday nights. B—Sleeping Car to Glasgow only. C—Monday mornings excepted. D—Arrives later on Sundays. E—Leaves 6 p.m. on Sundays. F—Passengers for Dumfries, Kilmarnock, and Glasgow leave Leeds at 2 a.m., and arrive Carlisle 4.30 a.m. G—Sundays excepted. J—10.28 p.m. on Sundays. K—Passengers join the Sleeping Cars at Trent. M—Join the Sleeping Cars at Sheffield. N—Join the Sleeping Cars at Nottingham on week-days and Leeds on Sunday nights. P—Join the Sleeping Cars at Leeds. Q—Leave the Sleeping Car at Trent. R—Leave the Sleeping Car at Nottingham. S—Leave the Sleeping Cars at Masborough. T—Leave the Sleeping Car at Leeds. U—Leave the Sleeping Car at Dumfries. V—Join the Sleeping Car at Edinburgh. W—Monday mornings.

Derby, December 1903.

JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

COUPON TICKET.

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.,

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ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

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The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

Dec. 30, 1903.

Signature.....